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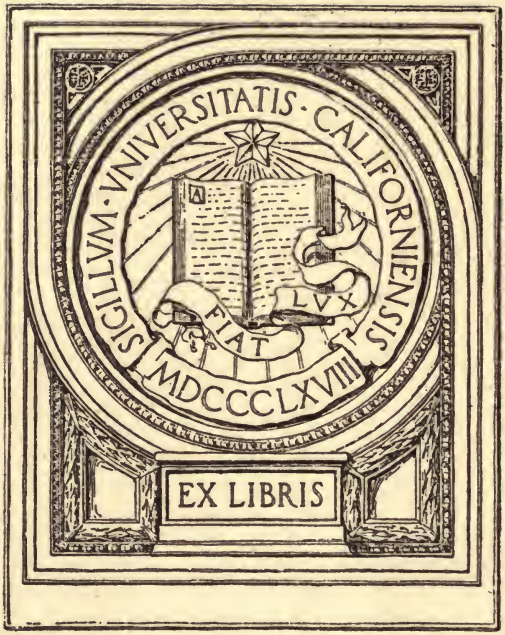
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A

VINDICATION

OF

THE LATE EDITOR OF POPE'S WORKS,

FROM SOME

CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM,

BY A WRITER IN THE

Quarterly Review,

FOR OCTOBER, 1820:

WITH

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS

ON

"THE INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY;"

AND

A FULL EXPOSURE OF THE MODE OF CRITICISING ADOPTED BY OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST, ESQ. F. A. S.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES,

AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CAMPBELL ON "THE INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY," &c.

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

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1821.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE PUBLIC.

I THINK it incumbent on me to state, that, if some expressions and reflections appeared in the last Number of the Pamphleteer more harsh than the question seemed to warrant, they were solely occasioned by the conviction that the ARTICLE ON SPENCE's ANECDOTES, in the Quarterly Review, was written by Mr. Gilchrist.

I have been mistaken, and therefore am bound, as far as he is concerned, to omit the passages which contained those reflections; and more particularly to express regret on account of some allusions in a pamphlet which appeared soon after the review in question, for which pamphlet, though published anonymously, I am answerable.

At the same time, it should be taken into consideration, that this offence would not have been given had not Mr. Gilchrist *commenced* an attack, so insolent and personally insulting, as I believe the annals of modern criticism never witnessed.

Respecting the original provocation by Mr. Gilchrist, I believe no reader of sense and candor will think, that any thing I have said in the life of Pope, concerning his physical infirmities, or his connexion with Martha Blount, could justify such expressions, so grossly indecent in themselves, and so personally insulting to me, as Mr. Gilchrist, in that criticism which he explicitly avows, has used.

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Were I a father, I should not have the smallest objection to the most strictly-educated daughter perusing the Life of Pope, into whose hands I should be sorry to place some of the most exquisite, but most pernicious productions of Pope himself.

Of this, however, the public will judge. The whole case is now before them.

With regard to any expressions that might appear coarse and harsh, in the present publication, I have only to request the reader to remember, that if in this or any one instance, I may have violated the rules of controversial civility, no one has less right to object than Mr. Gilchrist, who has violated, in regard to myself, not only courtesy, but Christian charity and truth.

If he differed from me, *toto cælo*, in regard to the character of Pope, why could he not have entered on the discussion in a manner less insulting and offensive? I have never written in such a way as to warrant this mode of treatment; for the truth of which, I can appeal to Mr. Brougham, Mr. Campbell, and all with whom I have been engaged in any kind of literary discussion.

The pamphlet which contained any personal allusions would have been withdrawn, had I not since received such coarse and personal abuse. I feel assured that the public, comparing Mr. Gilchrist's original criticism in the London Magazine with the passages from my Life of Pope to which it relates, will think he has done me great injustice; but the slightest acknowledgment, that this criticism was written too hastily, would be sufficient to make me forget it *for ever*, and to apologise for any expressions I may have used towards him in consequence; but I cannot tamely suffer myself to be trampled on, either by Him, or a Quarterly Reviewer.

W. L. BOWLES.

Bremhill, Jan. 25, 1821.

DEDICATION.

TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

IN a most obliging note which I received from you, in London, in May last, with some compliments on a composition which you said did "*equal honor to my head and heart*," you added, that as far as "you could discern it, you always pursued the *straight line* of criticism." An article having appeared in the Review, of which you are the Editor and responsible Conductor, totally at variance, in my opinion, with what you yourself kindly expressed towards me, and still more at variance, I believe, in the opinion of every impartial judge, with what you have termed the "*straight line* of criticism;" I feel compelled to enter into a public vindication of myself, from some of those charges in your Review, which appear to me not only thus at variance with your own candidly expressed opinions, but equally remote from sense, justice, liberality, or TRUTH.

The article is every thing but a fair or scholar-like discussion of critical opinions. The parts, however, of those critical opinions in which I am brought under notice, relate to what I have said of Pope's moral character, in the Life prefixed to his works in ten volumes;[1] to the propositions I had laid down, as necessary to be kept in mind, in order to judge rightly of the characteristics of what is most *intrinsically poetical;* and, to the "*principles of poetry*," as farther explained in a Letter to Campbell.

As you have allowed the article to appear, which I am about to examine, if you will do me the favor of reading dispassionately the following pages, I am convinced you will admit I have been charged

[1] Mr. Southey, the most able and eloquent writer in this very Review, wrote to me the warmest and kindest letter on the occasion.

WRONGFULLY. In a subsequent investigation, I have little doubt I shall be able to prove to you, should I be so happy as to draw your further attention, that I have been charged "FOOLISHLY;" and if so, I leave it to your sense of equity to pronounce, whether, in admitting an article, as intemperate as it is *unjust* and *foolish*, you have consulted the interest of the valuable work you superintend.

I trust and believe the appeal which I am compelled to make, will convince every dispassionate and fair-judging mind; and there is certainly no one whom I should more anxiously wish to convince than yourself, because I am firmly persuaded you would not have admitted the accusing article, unless you conscientiously conceived the accusations to be just. Begging, therefore, your candid attention to what follows,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very sincere and faithful servant,

W. L. BOWLES.

Bremhill, Oct. 25, 1820.

A REPLY,

&c. &c.

When charges are brought, of no light weight, mingled with expressions of spleen and sarcasm, in a distinguished popular journal, and under the eye, and, I might add, with the sanction, of such a character as Mr. Gifford, the charges ought to be deeply weighed by any one who has a regard to his own moral or literary character.

If he is convinced, upon consideration, that the charges have not been made out, it is a duty he owes to himself and the public, to give his reasons for so thinking. If he has been affected by the expressions of ill-deserved sarcasm, he will show his sense of it, as far as possible, by disdaining, where its bitterest tone might in return be assuredly justified, to use language so unwarrantable, even in self-defence, his motives being solely those of truth and justice.

Considering, then, what is said in the Review of Spence's Anecdotes, in the last number of the Quarterly, as far as regards myself, to be both unfair and unjust; I shall bring forward, as I am peremptorily called upon to do, some observations which may tend to divest the arguments there used, of their force, and the sarcasm, needlessly employed, of its sting!

I trust it will not be necessary to say, that I have advanced no opinion which I did not *conscientiously* believe: I may have believed it, upon mistaken grounds; I may have been led into the belief too hastily; I may, unknown to myself, have been betrayed by latent prejudices, the progress of which I had not watched with sufficient care: these feelings may have silently operated upon my better judgment, when I was scarce conscious that they operated

on it at all; but, that I ever said, willingly, or with pleasure, one syllable, publicly or privately, on characters, living or dead, detractive of their fair fame, I peremptorily deny.

And I must here instantly do the writer of the article in the Review the justice to say, that, in the outset (for which I thank him) of his animadversions, he admits this; for he says, "It is with pain we have witnessed the attacks on the *moral* and *poetical* character of this great poet (Pope) by the last two editors. Warton, who first entered the list, though not unwilling to wound, exhibits occasionally some of the courtesy of ancient chivalry; but his successor, the Rev. Mr. Bowles, possesses the contest *à l'outrance*, with the *appearance*, though assuredly *not with the reality*, of *personal hostility*."—Review.

I now proceed to inquire whether, if this character, given by himself, be just, the spleen which is evinced afterwards is warranted; and, above all, whether the arguments advanced respecting what I have said of the Life of Pope, be sound and convincing.

Three publications of mine are here brought under notice: the first, the Life of Pope; secondly, the Observations on his Poetical Character; and, thirdly, the Letter to Mr. Campbell, on the "INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES of POETRY," lately published.

I shall first advert to the accusations brought against me, as the detractor of Pope's merits as a man, and the exaggerator of his failings; "aggravating infirmities into viciousness." These accusations may be comprised in the following list, given by this writer:—

"We find Pope *aspersed* for 'a sordid money-getting passion—for *taking bribes* to *suppress satires*—for the most rankling envy of Addison—for the *worst* of tempers—for *duplicity*, and fickleness of opinion—for the GROSSEST LICENTIOUSNESS!'"

First, I confidently reply, I have never "*aspersed*" Pope "for a *sordid money-getting passion!*" No particular passage is pointed out, and I say confidently, I have never used any such expressions.[1] From his correspondence with the Blounts it appears, that he took upon himself the direction of much of their pecuniary affairs; and was anxious to put them in the best way of making the most interest of their money. However friendly and generous he might have been, and I have never denied this, he certainly took some solicitous care of their incomes and his own. That he was thus *attentive* to his pecuniary affairs, surely facts sufficiently show. Martha Blount, whose authority the writer quotes, in the same breath, says, "The reason of Mr. Pope's not being

[1] My words are—"None was more *prudent;*" but I censured only his *affectation*, *not* his *prudence*.

richer may be easily accounted for; he never had *any love* for money! If he was extravagant in any thing it was in his grotto." [1] What does this imply but that he was at least *prudent?* and I have spoken of his *prudence*, not of his "sordidness."

But whether saving or expending were a part of his character, what "aspersion" is there in mentioning the fact, if I thought it true? Oh! but I have said, "his professions were directly at variance with his practice!" So they were in many things: no one can deny they were so when he spoke of his letters as "artless effusions," which were as elaborately polished as his poems. Having seen how much he was consulted by his friends, in money matters, I might have been led to believe (though I cannot now recollect all the circumstances that induced me to believe so, at the time) that when he spoke of his "*carelessness*" about money concerns, he spoke, after the manner in which he used to speak, of the "artless effusions" of his correspondence. Of a "*sordid money-getting passion*" I have never accused him; and if I had ever done so, I should be glad to find any testimony that might show he was *not* so.

Of the most "*rankling* envy" of Addison I have never accused him.—Where? and on what occasion? and how is such language consistent with the candor, refused on *one side*, as loudly as it is demanded on the other? Nor is it consistent with this candor thus to exaggerate what I said, when I spoke of Pope's pecuniary prudence. The critic asserts I accused him of "*base sordid passions*;" and here he heightens the word *jealousy* into the *most rankling envy*. When I spoke of the memorable quarrel between Pope and Addison, I adduced the narrative of the circumstances, from Pope's most ardent admirer; I say, that from that very account, of that very admirer, in my opinion, the circumstances press more against Pope than against Addison. Why was this account omitted? In weighing characters I have neither considered the *adulation of friends*, or the rancour of enemies; but comparing together, from all sides, all the facts I could collect, I have formed my opinion. Whereas, this Instructor in the new code of candor, when he speaks of Addison, iterates what is said by his enemies; and when he speaks of Pope, pins his faith as firmly on what is said by Pope's friends.

One would suppose, from these representations, that I had the same feelings towards Pope, as Lauder had towards *Milton*. I think, all circumstances put together, Addison's character was the most *lucid*, and that in the narrative of their meeting—not according to the account of *Addison's friends*, but of Pope's own—Pope was

[1] Probably she thought he did not save enough for her as legatee.

most to blame. I have seen no opinions, well founded, that should induce me at present to alter this opinion, and it being such, when I wrote the Life, and such now, even after all that this writer has adduced, I see no reason why I should hesitate to declare it.

Of "duplicity," the artful publication of his letters is a positive and lasting proof.

Into the idea of "fickleness of opinion," (no great matter) I was led by the extracts from Spence's Anecdotes. I had not then myself seen them, and I now confess, if I had, I should not have said, what I did from unguarded feelings, "that neither friend or foe were spared."

But I have charged Pope with the "GROSSEST LICENTIOUSNESS!" I have said he had a *libertine sort of love*, which was in a great degree suppressed by his sense of moral duty. I might say, that I have seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount, which never were published by me, and I hope never will be by others; which are so gross as indeed to imply the "grossest licentiousness;" but, not to speak of "licentiousness" on account of letters which were never published, can any one acquit him of "licentiousness," as far as we may judge from language and ideas, when we recollect his correspondence with Cromwell, his translation of the Epistle of Horace, which I expunged from Warton's edition, and which was never denied to be *his;* his share in the Miscellanies, published jointly by himself and Swift: and if the critic takes the testimony of Addison's enemies against Addison, why might not I take that of Cibber against him? But I scorn it; I scorn to advert to those pieces which, though not acknowledged by himself, no one denies were written by him; but I think there is enough in his published letters and acknowledged writings to convict him of "licentiousness." "Grossest," is a word the writer has added himself, on purpose to make my uncharitableness appear the more heinous.

The writer says, triumphantly, "Will our readers now believe (what is really the case) that Pope was *kind* from his *nature;* that his heart was open at all times to his humble friends; that he was adored by his intimates?" Aye, marry, will they, and *so will I too;* nor have I ever denied that he was all this. That he could have no invidious feelings I deny. He envied Phillips, for the success of his Pastorals; and he surely showed the gratification of a contracted mind, when Gay so successfully ridiculed them, in his Shepherd's Week; and his paper in the Guardian, is a lasting proof of *invidious* feelings, in this respect, as it is of the insidious mode he took to gratify them.

Finally, he was no "lover of money," not sordidly so, certainly;

and I confidently repeat I have never used an expression that might imply such "sordidness."

If, as in the case of the letters, so in money concerns, for which I have before given my reasons, I thought his language was often at variance with his feelings, I spoke as I thought; and if this be "THE BLACK ART OF CRITICISM," the "reading the LORD'S PRAYER BACKWARDS," I wish the present critic may never show the "BLACK ART OF CRITICISM" in a worse manner, nor so read the Lord's Prayer "BACKWARDS." On the contrary, when he is disposed to mark so severely crimes, of which he is in this very article far more guilty than I have ever been, or hope ever could be, I would remind him of a few plain words by the Divine Author of that Prayer, of which he so flippantly speaks, "Why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the *beam* that is in thine own eye? First, cast out the BEAM out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the MOTE out of thy brother's eye."

I had overlooked, that I had also charged Pope, among his other "infirmities," aggravated into "viciousness," with having the "WORST of TEMPERS!" I have never said so; I have never implied it. "Irritable temper," this very writer attributes to him, and this irritable temper is turned into the "WORST of TEMPERS," and then I am charged with being the calumniator. Is this fair? Is it honest? The whole article is written purposely in this manner, and it proves, at least, that the charges against me, of "exaggerating" *all his failings*, stripping him of EVERY amiable quality, are as foul as they are false, when those who make these charges are first obliged to *exaggerate*, and having so exaggerated, call on the public to remark, not what I really have said, but such *exaggerations*, for which their *falsehood* is answerable, not my want of candor.

Allow him to be "irritable," but not of the "WORST of TEMPERS," and we so far agree, and cordially, and *ex animo*, do I admit all that can be said in his favor. Whether he was, as to money, saving or profuse, his noble generosity to the outcast, Richard Savage, and other instances of a compassionate and generous heart, are undoubted. I should have spoken of them as cheerfully as I now admit them, had they occurred to my recollection when I wrote.

After these exaggerated statements and false colors, the overwhelming question is then asked, "Do COMMENTATORS *ever blush?*"

I will answer this question by another, "Do CRITICS ever BLUSH?"

I should *indeed* blush to bring any charges upon such palpable exaggerations, magnified by my own spleen.—Yes, and I should do more than *blush;* I should think the hand that wrote, and the heart that dictated, ought to wither, before I could coolly sit down to impute motives to a commentator or poet, from a professed satire, as this *unblushing* critic has done to me. I should do more than blush, if I had repeated so often, what I knew to be *false;* for it is as false to say I had endeavoured to rob Pope of his virtues, as it is to say I asserted he was "*no* GREAT POET." Why do I give myself this trouble? It will be all in vain. The next critic, as ingenuous and honorable as this, will assert the same falsehood, which has been so often refuted, that I and my kind-hearted master, now beyond the reach of this paltry untruth, have denied that Pope was "a Great Poet," when we have only denied he was the GREATEST!

Of this we shall speak more by-and-by; but whether I were critic or commentator, I should indeed

> "———Hang my head,
> "And BLUSH to think myself a man,"

if, knowing my charges would be read by thousands, to whom the vindication would never come, I had described a commentator so malignant as to charge the poet, whose life he was writing, with "*taking a* BRIBE *to suppress a satire,*" when I knew, and could not but know, that that commentator had expressed (besides his indignation that such a charge should be made, which sentiment has been grossly perverted) his utter disbelief of it, to prove which I call the reader's attention to the passage quoted in my answer to Campbell, which in other respects this writer has read with *sufficient acuteness.*

How dare such an "unblushing calumniator" not only pervert the honest expressions of my feelings, but attribute to me, that I had charged Pope with "taking a bribe to suppress a satire," who have recorded in vain, in two publications, my disbelief!

"One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed flagitious: Walpole informs Gray, that the character of ATOSSA was shown to the Duchess of Buckingham and the Duchess of Marlborough; that Pope received a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough, promising, on these terms, to suppress it; that he took the money, and then published it!"

I had already expressed warmly what I felt at the baseness of such transaction, IF TRUE; not at all implying that I believed it true. My "Life" contains the following remarks on it, and these

remarks are republished in the letter to Campbell; and here is a man, who has read those remarks, and having first perverted my obvious meaning, tells me I charge Pope with "taking a bribe to suppress a satire, and then publishing it."

Here then, again, I must quote my own words:

"A story *so base* ought not for a moment to be admitted, solely on the testimony of Walpole; till there is other proof, besides the assertion of Walpole, the same candor which made us REJECT what, upon no better foundation, was said of Addison, ought to make us *reject*, with equal readiness, the belief of a circumstance SO DEROGATORY to the character of Pope!

"Whatever can be proved ought not to be rejected; whatever (charge) has no other foundation than the '*ipse dixit*' *of an adversary* is entitled to NO REGARD."—Note on Pope.

Let me now ask, how could any one, with the honorable feelings of an honest heart, keep in the dark, *purposely*, this testimony in Pope's favor: I say purposely, for the book was before him, out of which,

"With all th' invidious malice of a shrew,"—(COWPER.)

he has picked every thing that he thought would make me appear prejudiced, and studiously omitted whatever was contrary to his own unjust and exasperated prejudice? How could any one, I repeat, without feelings of "deep, deep" shame — without being lost and dead to every sense of candid or generous feelings—hold up and emblazon to the broad day, with colors furnished from his own distempering and distorting "*spleen*," every thing a sacred regard to truth made me say, which might appear derogatory to Pope's amiable character, and yet shut his eyes, on purpose, to those passages where I have denied the charges brought unjustly against him, or spoken of his virtues? I should indeed have "BLUSHED" to have acted in this manner.

The distich on Sappho, which this very writer calls too "indelicate to transcribe," I leave for him to reconcile to Pope's purity, which I have "aspersed;" and observe, reader, because I had spoken of his unmanly conduct to a lady whom he once idolised, how this same writer descants!

"Mr. Bowles has *unsparingly* attacked Pope, on the score of his quarrel with Lady Mary." Mr. Bowles spoke with indignation, and ever will, of this cowardly attack, in lines which this purist "*cannot transcribe*," against Sappho; and I say that Pope knew the couplet was universally applied to Lady Mary, and to her alone. Pope received from Lord Peterborough the most pressing remonstrance, as from a friend and gallant Cavalier, not to let the disgraceful couplet remain; and this fact alone, in opposition to

all advanced by the Reviewer, is sufficient in the eyes of common sense, to fix the application of the couplet, *not* on the first Sappho, "Mrs. Thomas," for she was DEAD! and beyond the reach of satire; but on the living, the accomplished Sappho, who had rejected Pope's preposterous addresses.

And here I assert, "unwarrantably" as I may have "attacked" Pope, for his conduct to Lady Mary, I have said nothing against him half so depreciating as this critic's own representation:—

"In his letters to her Ladyship, the stages of his *erotic* fever may be noted by the statements of the patient himself; perhaps it was at its height, when, speaking of 'the congeniality of their minds,' the tormented poet put his case to her hypothetically, 'if she can overlook a *wretched* body!'

"We conjecture this was the precise moment when a rude *burst of laughter* awoke him from the PARADISE OF FOOLS." As I had no doubt of the fact thus stated, I have shown this was my opinion; but I have not touched on it in a manner half so disparaging to Pope!

And now we enter on the famous quarrel with Addison.

When we look with regret on the numerous "*maculæ*" on Pope's page, who can avoid repeating,

"————Excuse some *courtly* stains,
"No whiter page than Addison's remains."

When we turn to his works, when we remember the virtuous impression generally excited by his name, and find his character in accordance with his page; when we remember he filled a high post in public life, and yet was venerated and beloved by those who were publicly opposed to him; when his generous conduct to Swift, in Ireland, is remembered, the silence of political adversaries, and the warmth of so many endeared friends; and whilst glowing with these feelings, when we are carried to his death-bed, in that mansion, now inhabited by an accomplished, amiable, classical nobleman, and repeat with Tickel,

"He taught us HOW TO LIVE; and oh, how high
"The price of knowledge, TAUGHT US HOW TO DIE—"

with these feelings some predilection may be allowed to the recollection of the pure, and kind, and accomplished, and Christian, ATTICUS.

Now, as I have said, the best way to estimate the character of those, whose tale of days is ended, would be to compare what is said of them by friend or foe! But it really appears to me, that the mode in which departed worth is estimated by this writer, is to take for granted what is said by enemies, against those we wish to

depress, and listen to the idolising plaudits only, of the most partial friends of those we choose to exalt.

Thus the man takes a few sayings of those who were the least friendly, and says, "How *like* is Pope's character of Atticus!"

Pope's verses to Addison, on Medals, with the elegant adulation of his friend Craggs, may be brought as a proof of his disinterested praise. But it must, at the same time, be remembered, how warmly does Addison in the Spectator speak of Pope's early productions. He was, moreover, eminent in the political as well as the literary world. In such a situation, and with such a character, to whom would a young man offer sooner, the elegant testimony of classical encomium? But in speaking of Pope's meeting, after the quarrel with Addison, I set plainly before the reader the account which is left us. And this account, I repeat, is not left by Addison, or any of his friends, but by the admirer and idolizer of Pope.

I say, again, let any unbiassed man, read only the account of this memorable meeting, by Pope's partial friend, and then declare whether he thinks I ought to be condemned, for judging according to that very document, which Pope's own friend furnished, and on which my opinion was founded.

Surely I have the same right to express my opinion as this writer has to express his. I have added nothing; I have concealed nothing. He has done both: he has added exaggerations, and he has wilfully concealed what suited his purpose to *conceal;* and when he charges me with "SURMISING AWAY EVERY AMIABLE CHARACTERISTIC" of Pope, I charge him, and I think he stands convicted, of wilfully aggravating every charge against me.

I will now candidly lay before the public, to whom I am forced to make this appeal, the real reason of that exclamation, which has excited such a tone of sarcastic reproof, when this critic says "Listen to Mr. Bowles—*a sort of sentimental critic!* 'I tremble for every character when I hear any thing of Spence's Anecdotes.'"

Now listen to Mr. BOWLES AGAIN, and he will ingenuously tell this "*unsentimental* sort of a critic" what moved him to make this exclamation.

In looking over Addison's and Pope's Lives, whenever any anecdotes, particularly detractive, were told of characters we have been in habits of esteeming, on looking to the foot of the page, I invariably found—"SPENCE! SPENCE! SPENCE!"

Addison, in consonancy with his character, "engaged," says Johnson, "in a nobler work—a Defence of the *Christian* Religion."

This, and another pious composition, Pope imputed to a SELFISH MOTIVE! He says he believed this, "on the credit of Ton-

son," who having *quarrelled* with Addison, said, "he intended to TAKE ORDERS and OBTAIN A BISHOPRICK; and this was the reason of Addison's writing in Defence of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION! for Tonson always believed him a PRIEST IN HIS HEART!" Look at the bottom of the page and you see—SPENCE!

"Prior is only fit *to make verses.*"—SPENCE!

"The woman with whom he cohabited was a *despicable drab of the lowest species.*"—SPENCE!

"Phillips," says Pope, "*seemed* to have been *encouraged to abuse* me, in coffee-houses and conversations."—SPENCE!

"Addison and Steele, to echo him, used to DEPRECIATE DRYDEN."—SPENCE!

"When Gay, by request, attended Addison on his death-bed, Addison told him he HAD INJURED HIM! He did not explain what the injury was; but Gay supposed that some preferment, intended for him, was, by ADDISON'S INTERVENTION, withheld!"—SPENCE!

The story of Addison's ungenerous treatment of Steele, is not told in Spence, but, in a late edition, is traced to *Pope;* and I know no other authority for it—

It was told to Johnson by a person whose name is not given—to this nameless person it was told by Lady Primrose; Steele told it to her with tears in his eyes; it was confirmed to the anonymous author of a note in Johnson's Lives, by Dr. Stenton, who said he had it from Hooke, who had it—FROM POPE.

Had I been disposed to attack Pope, as I am described, *"a l'outrance,"* I think I could have brought more proofs than I have done, of something that looks more like disingenuous carping at Addison's fame, than appears from Addison towards him. I am sure, if I had sat down, not with a sacred regard to truth, but on purpose to aggravate his faults, and to "surmise away *every* amiable quality," I could not have been more abused, by those whose rancour can be only accounted for by supposing they share all Pope's unamiable qualities, without his virtues or his genius.

I have thought it necessary to say so much, to show the nature of my feelings when I hastily spoke of Spence's Anecdotes, and the critic is welcome to his splenetic jocularity. Having declared I did not believe the charge against Pope, which was indeed "infamous, if true," I may, I hope, be allowed to say, I do not believe one syllable of all that is charged against Addison or Prior, the authority being only one, and, in the case of Addison, that of an enemy; but Spence's Anecdotes, where these and other accusations are heaped against eminent men, seen, as they were, without any accompanying or enlivening circumstances, such as now appear, when the amusing gossip is read as a whole

induced me to speak with unguarded warmth. I hope this is not a crime.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere CRITICS.

On the occasion when I used the expression—"the heart is sick," &c. (which seems to have an effect upon this gentleman like that of the words of Cato upon John Dennis, in Pope's disingenuous account of his poisoning,) I trust the reader will remember, that the passage which excited this expression, though it was not in Spence, as now appears to be the case, was quoted as coming from the same store-house of gossip, which contained similar reflections on various other characters. He will remember I had not seen Spence's Anecdotes, and could not have seen them; and I could only write from the authority before me; and if Hughes, of whom Pope had spoken so cordially and kindly before, was stated in the same book, to have shared the common obloquy with others equally respectable, and that the language of such disrespect came from Pope himself, wearied with seeing, and seeing nothing else than these contradictions, and all given under the authority of Spence, I might naturally enough exclaim—"Neither *friend* or foe are spared!"

I rejoice to find I was mistaken; and having now read Spence's Anecdotes entire, that which seemed so revolting when all the little scandal was, if I may so say, compounded in the unfavorable extracts, and no "relief" (does the critic understand this word?) of lively and good-natured anecdote afforded, such as now appears when the book is taken all together, I confess ingenuously the hasty warmth with which I spoke.

He has made the most of it, and so let him. Having spoken of Spence, perhaps I may give a momentary "*relief*" to the irksomeness of self-defence, by mentioning a few circumstances relating to him, which even this writer may not know. He says, very justly, that there was a "moral loveliness in the character and life of Spence." The Bishop of London (Louth), the Rev. Mr. Rolle, rector of Berwick, Wilts, near Shaftesbury, Ridley, the author of the Tales of the Genii, and a relation, of whom I have spoken in the Vindiciæ Wykehamicæ, were all school-fellows at Winchester together, and kept up the most friendly intercourse as long as they lived. The Rev. Wm. Bowles, the rector of Lower Donhead, lived within three miles of Rolle, who had a college-living, now in the possession of the Rev. P. Bingham. The mild countenance, and encouraging, playful, but gentle manners of Rolle, I yet remember, having often seen him when a child at my father's house. Spence, the critic observes, is described in the Tales of the Genii as "the Dervise of the Groves." Perhaps he might not be aware, that

the name "Phesoi Ecneps," the name of the Dervise, is that of JOSEPH SPENCE spelt backward; ELLOR, in the same tale, is "Rolle," being also his name spelt backward. Spence was very often a resident at the parsonage-house of Berwick, where his school-fellow Rolle died, without any other preferment, the sole survivor of this knot of friends, some in retired life, some of them illustrious characters, but all marked by the same virtues, the same gentle manners—the retired clergyman, the learned prelate, the elegant and classical scholar, and the author of those Tales of rich Eastern imagery, which are so popular at this day. I would request those who are hostile to our public schools, to contemplate this groupe, not as accomplished scholars, merely, but as virtuous and amiable men, in different stations of life, bound together by the most affectionate intercourse, which began "when they were nursed upon the self-same hill!" A straight walk of brick was made for Spence near the house, in the garden at Berwick, where he might walk backwards and forwards WITHOUT SOILING HIS SHOES. The old parsonage is taken down, but *this walk*, sacred by such remembrances, yet remains, and I hope will long remain, as one memorial on the spot, of such friends, now gone to their last rest together.

My father being executor to the relation I have mentioned, his papers, of course, came into the executor's possession, and at a time when I little thought of standing at the bar, as I may call it, of the public. I had often, in early life, amused myself in looking into some old entertaining letters, which were the correspondence of Spence in his younger days, with his school-fellow. The letters related to familiar circumstances, with anecdotes of careless college-life, and were more interesting to me when I considered them as written by the author of the superb Polymetis, in my father's library. All those letters, which I should now be glad to find, are lost or destroyed.

Whilst I am writing this, I almost feel as if I had had a kind of friendly truce with my critical antagonist—at all events, he may accept the addition as endeavouring to show him what is the meaning of "relief," an expression which may be as dark to him, as "the dreams of a Muggletonian!!"

This sort of episode, I can truly affirm, has been some "relief to me," but we must "buckle on our harness," and again to the dusty field.

Having spoken of these examples of the virtues and talents derived from a public school; having set before him this "knot" of academical friends, I think this a proper place to ask the Critic what he means by talking of my "EXULTING OVER THE POET who had not the happiness of an ACADEMICAL LIFE? Mr. Bowles

seems to have indulged in a SORT of SPLENETIC PLEASURE!!"—Have I EXULTED?—*indulged* in a sort of SPLENETIC PLEASURE?

What can I do, how can I guard myself? Now, so far from "EXULTING" over Pope's want of a more liberal education, I introduced the circumstance of an education so confined as his, to show that whatever was faulty in his character, as to irritable temper, or self-love, was owing to unavoidable moral causes; that his heart was not to blame, as under the same disadvantages, and the inevitable operation of the same causes, the best of characters by nature would have been subject to the same infirmities.

So "that when I meant to praise," he says, "I *bite!!*" A sincere and upright heart could never draw such an opinion from words which, I verily believe, can be only so understood by wilful perverseness. Here they are in his face!

"If these and other parts of his character appear less amiable, let the reader *constantly* keep in mind the physical and moral causes, which operated on a mind like his.—Let him remember his life, 'one long diverse'—his CONFINED education, entrusted chiefly to those who were themselves narrow-minded—his being used to listen to the voice, from his cradle, of tenderness, almost maternal, in all who contemplated his weakness and incipient talents. When he has weighed these things, and ATTENDED to EVERY ALLEVIATING CIRCUMSTANCE that his knowledge of the world, or his CHARITY may suggest, then let him not hastily condemn what truth compels me to state; but let him rather, without presuming on his own virtues, lament the imperfections of our common nature, and leave the judgment to Him, who knoweth 'whereof we are made!!'"

Reader, is this EXULTING over Pope's confined education? Speak honestly, Mr. Gifford, the man comes under your auspices. Do you think this is the language of "exultation?" and rather is not the daring and deliberate false accusation coupled with every passage in Pope's favor studiously omitted—a proof that there are those who *shut one eye and see things distorted* with the other?

Have I not reason to complain of this Critic, who "will not understand me?" for as there is no one so BLIND as those who WILL NOT see, so none are so obtuse to understand, as those who from their prejudices WILL NOT!

"I *complain*" again, probably as ineffectually as before. One eminent poet, when I sometimes spoke of these things, "and particularly of the letter to Campbell," constantly answered, "IT WILL ALL COME RIGHT." A *prosing* Dorsetshire 'Squire, speaking to a neighbour, said, "Pray, Mr. ——, do you MEAN so and so?" and on the other's answering, "Oh no, quite the contrary;" replied, "Nay, Sir, you MUST MEAN this, if YOU MEAN ANY THING!" So I

may say, "two and two make four," till my heart aches, if thus the plainest expressions are *insultingly* turned against me, and it is pronounced that I *must mean*, "two and two make five!!"

Thus, when I admitted that much, if not all, that was faulty in Pope's temper, arose from physical and moral causes, I am represented as "exulting!" I only thank the writer's candor for not adding that "I EXULTED" because the person of Pope was diminutive, and his HEALTH WEAK!! I wonder how much more I should have "*exulted*" if he had been born "*with a tail!*"[1] But even his "innocent years" cannot disarm my critic's hostility.

"Mr. Bowles has fixed on these innocent years as the groundwork of an HYPOTHESIS as ungenerous as unjust!" Euge! what a detestable monster must Mr. Bowles be.—"An hypothesis as ungenerous as unjust?" Mr. Bowles is "mainly ignorant" what this unjust and ungenerous hypothesis is.

Now we shall hear!

On the well-known incident of Pope's father encouraging his boy's rhimes, and these rhimes finding afterwards other friends more skilful critics than the retired merchant, he thus declaims:

"Pope being tenderly brought up, was, through life, impatient of contradiction, scarcely brooking a dissenting voice, and having been fostered by early patronage, lived afterwards in the sunshine of flattery. The same disposition that made him vain, would in other circumstances have caused depression!!"

Such, it is added, is the *discovery* of Mr. Bowles! and this marvellous discovery, and this "hypothesis," are pronounced UNGENEROUS and UNJUST! I have read this passage over ten times; I profess, in sincere simplicity of heart, I cannot understand, how what I have said is "any hypothesis;" why it should be "a discovery"—and still less how this "hypothesis and discovery," can be thought "*ungenerous* or *unjust!*"

It was a common observation founded on my own views of life and character. Generally speaking, I think, a young person brought up as Pope was, would be impatient of contradiction, scarcely brooking a dissenting voice; and I think also, without any ideas of discovery or hypothesis, that if such a young person in early life met great encouragement in the world, he would become vain; if he had, from his earliest years, received great encouragement at home, and received from the world, into which he advanced, every thing the contrary, I think the same mind would naturally fall into DESPONDENCE!! "Provincial and moral" as this gentleman imagines me, and as much a prey to forlorn

[1] It is wonderful, as being a prey to such "hypochondriacism" as made Lord Monboddo believe in human tails, the critic had not said I had "SURMISED" one to Pope.

reveries, as Lord Monboddo, who believed men had originally "tails," or poor "parson" Tasker, in the wildest parts of Devonshire, I have seen enough of life, to have often witnessed this example.

I confess, I think Pope "was impatient of contradiction through life," I confess I think he scarcely could brook a *dissenting* voice, and I know "he lived in the sunshine of *flattery:*" I know also, "he was *vain*," or he must have been a prodigy, if with so many indulgences, and so brought up, he had been otherwise. And this general sentiment, which is exalted into an "hypothesis;" which was adduced more to *account* for some parts of Pope's character, than to *arraign* them, comes out to be "an hypothesis as ungenerous as unjust," which falls upon Pope's "infant and innocent" years.

Now, I repeat (NOT WITH "*exultation*") that, if Pope had had a more liberal education, he would have been more free from that vanity, which so often accompanies a confined one.

As to his being "impatient of contradiction" and "scarcely brooking a dissenting voice," I have before spoken of the circumstance of his resentment at the high praise given in the "Guardian" to Phillips's Pastorals; can the Critic deny this? or the stratagem employed to introduce into the "Guardian," his ironical decision in favor of Phillips? Dennis also had not injured him, but Dennis, at that time considered no indifferent critic, among so many voices that hailed the young Pastoral Poet, was *silent*. Some cause of this sort, urged him to introduce the "Reddening Appius" into the Essay on Criticism, or else the attack was as unkind as it was unprovoked. Upon this subject I must revert to Addison. The Reviewer says,

"If jealousy, the infirmity of genius, existed between the parties, it could not be on the side of Pope. Addison's true fame rests on his Spectator, and Pope never for one instant could contemplate a rival in the verse of Addison!!"

Suppose he could not, what of that? could he not, "scarcely brooking a dissenting voice," feel it like a wound, when Addison, so eminent in literature, did not appear to applaud as he expected, his happiest invention in the Rape of the Lock. Addison might be as sincere, when he objected to the proposed machinery of the Sylphs, as Pope was when he recommended Cato as fit for the *closet* and not the *stage*. Be it as it may, because Addison did not approve the introduction of the "machinery" to the Rape of the Lock, calling it "Merum Sal," without it, Pope attributed the cause instantly to *jealousy!* For Warburton says, "he was shocked for his friend, and THEN BEGAN FIRST TO OPEN HIS EYES *to his* (Addison's) character."

What is this but jealousy, not of Addison's fame as a Poet, but because he was *disappointed,* and was therefore the "*first* to attribute to Addison, feelings, which there are no substantial facts to prove that Addison ever possessed."

These circumstances alone, I think, will be sufficient to justify me in what I said, ("WITHOUT ANY HYPOTHESIS") of Pope's early years, and from having been used to flattery, not brooking a dissenting voice. I add, that, if I "pour out MY INVENTION on old facts," I drew these inferences from "old facts" which, it appeared to me justice and truth demanded.

I thought truth and justice (weak advocate as I might be) demanded this for Addison.

If the words ("Pope's character as opposed to Addison" was as "Tortuosity opposed to Rectitude,") might be thought too *strong,* let the following "OLD FACTS," be taken into further consideration.

That not only was Addison's page *pure* from the spots of any licentious word or image, but that not one word of ill nature or spleen is to be found in all his writings. Nor in all his writings is one word to be found derogatory of Pope, or of any one.

"If" IT BE TRUE "that he slyly wrote, or encouraged Tickel to write, from mean jealousy, a translation of Homer, in narrow jealousy of Pope's fame," then I say, "as I said before of Pope," it was "a dereliction of every honest and manly principle!" and I apprehend, having said this, the writer in the Quarterly will not conclude "that the consequence follows, as he has asserted in the case of Pope," that Addison was guilty of the "dereliction of all that was honest and manly," or that I thought so. I imagined the translation could not be Addison's, because the verses were more terse and harmonious. In almost all Addison's couplets every line runs with most wearying uniformity of pause. I leave the writer to the enjoyment of his most sagacious and satisfactory conclusion, that "because a man of taste and judgment may suggest improvement, or add corrections to a Poem, therefore he must be able to write it." Spence criticised judiciously, suggested some improvements in Pope's Odyssey, but what would he have made of a translation himself?

Let it be supposed that the whole of this transaction yet "*sub judice est;*" at least these circumstances will always speak for Addison; his page unspotted with licentiousness, unmarked with one touch of ill-nature, the general tenor of his life, public and private, his defence of Christianity, and his Christian death. Let us consider that of HIM, "no *detractive,* no *ill-natured word,* is *recorded,*" and then let us ask what weight to-prove the contrary is due, to what Dean Lockier, an EXQUI-

SITE judge, an OBSERVER OF HIS OWN times TOLD Spence; or to what Steele, (of which confession there is no other account) *confirmed in* SOME DEGREE to Mr. Chute, who observes from what Sir Richard dropt in various conversations, it SEEMS to have been "*too* true," or of what Dr. Leigh *told* Spence (of) a fact which *his friend* had witnessed!!!

I must not yet lay down the pen; I have taken it up reluctantly, and upon subjects that have almost faded from my recollection, whilst my antagonist is just *fresh* in the field, advancing with looks of peculiar spleen, and with the vaunting language of sarcastic contumely.

But I bate not a "jot of heart or hope."—I am supported by that which has supported wiser and better men, a heart unconscious that I have deserved either such a tone of critical insult; or such severe and aggravated charges. My weapon is plain truth against weak arguments, positive assertions, unfair deductions, palpable exaggerations, and gross mis-representations.

This part of my defence I should now wish to close, but must take notice of one indefinite accusation brought against me, by which, this "asperser," as with a *coup de grace*, seems to have collected his remaining force.

He says, "I have exceeded any just limits which I can assign to the defence of our *great Poet;*" (why did he not say *greatest!*) "but much remains to be said, for *without* following Mr. Bowles, step by step, how can the *sly insinuation*, the *obscure hint*, the *damning fact, anxiously recorded*, (What excess of candor!) *with a faint admission* that it might *not be true*, be rebutted? It did not become a man whose personal virtues are acknowledged, to aggravate common infirmities into *viciousness*, and to tear away the veil from the *sanctities* of domestic life." Then follows (excess of candor!) "We should be grieved to incur the displeasure of Mr. Bowles, but we cannot at once sacrifice *truth* and Pope, and the commentator ought to thank us for our delicacy, of not dwelling on the *indecency* of some of his notes."

The commentator has followed with much pain, but "no displeasure" the critic "step by step," and he leaves the public, at whose bar they both stand, to pronounce whether he is guilty or not guilty of the charges brought against him. He has not much doubt of the verdict, now he has been so far heard in his defence; but the last charge, into which the critic has compressed so much, is more difficult plainly to rebut. The "*obscure hint*, the *sly insinuation*, the *damning fact, anxiously recorded*, but (excess of candor) with a faint admission that it may NOT BE TRUE!" if those are not specified, neither can they be rebutted.

Infirmities I have spoken of, but I think I have proved that the

critic, not the commentator having aggravated into *viciousness*, what I was called upon from conscientious belief, to state, has more than aggravated every thing I have said into VICIOUSNESS, when he says, I "did for Hate what Mallet did for Hire!"[1]

The "sneer," the "insinuation," I retort on himself! The *damning fact*, I have not recorded "*anxiously*," but the fact, if it be "damning," I have not concealed, that Pope received hospitalities and kindness from Chandos, and then held him up to eternal ridicule; the fact I have spoken of, and proved that he used the stratagem, such as every ingenuous mind would disdain, of artfully contriving that his own letters should be published, whilst he affected to express indignation at the publication. Other *facts*, which I should have thought a dereliction of truth to conceal, I have also spoken of, but I have spoken of them, God is my Judge! without "setting down *aught in malice;*" so far from "*anxiously* recording" them, so far from "*exulting*," I have spoken of them, as deduced from moral and physical circumstances operating on the mind! I have spoken of them, as spots, amidst many and lucid virtues, as defects arising from personal weakness, or deficient education.

As to the atrocious charge of "*tearing* away the SANCTITIES of domestic life!" I am utterly ignorant of his meaning! Does he mean that I have spoken of Pope's attachment to Teresa Blount, before his affections were finally fixed on Martha? What "SANCTITY" of domestic life is torn away? Where is the crime imputed? What SANCTITY was there to "*tear* away?"

The connection between Martha Blount and Pope is well known to all—they were, for the last years of his existence and till his eye-lids closed, generally speaking, inseparable; what SANCTITY is violated in narrating the circumstance, that his first tender feelings, without the slightest shade of imputed guilt, were turned to Teresa, and afterwards transferred to Martha? If there was any thing improper in the later connection, the connection at least was not concealed; and to say that a young man, in his green age, looked with partiality on another, ill deserves the aggravated accusation "of tearing away the SANCTITIES from domestic life," when there were no "SANCTITIES" to tear away!

If, by this serious accusation, the critic means to allude to what I have said of Pope's attachment to Lady Mary—the expressions of his "erotic fever!" convey a stronger idea of the nature of his attachment, than any words I have used; and the "rude burst of laughter," which he has "recorded," when Pope spoke of his "wretched body," but "congenial *mind*," might have taught him, not to strain at "gnats when he was swallowing camels."

[1] Lord Byron's "English Bards," &c.

I am not blaming him for recording this "rude laughter" at this preposterous lover; but surely he had no right to charge me with a crime so great as "tearing away the sanctities of domestic life," when I spoke in less offensive terms than that of "Erotic fever" of Pope's known youthful attachment to Lady Mary, or earlier attachment to Teresa Blount.

Of these things I have spoken, without the consciousness of the slightest EXAGGERATION. Nor did I, nor do I think, that speaking as I have done of them, was in the least degree indelicately offensive, or criminally violating any "sanctities;" and if it be, let him share this criminality with me!

But whilst I deny that I have wilfully concealed any one of Pope's virtues (so far from "surmising EVERY ONE away,") I will never compromise my opinions, or give up my right to express them, when "baseness" appears; and base shall that conduct always be fearlessly called by me, which stoops, from disappointed passion, to direct indelicate and envenomed satire against an object once beloved; and I affirm, if you say that Lady Mary[1] was not intended, by Sappho, which I do not believe, and which you cannot prove: then, I say, to use a name which HE KNEW WAS *applied* by herself, and by all the world, to that one person alone, was as *base* as his evasions were pitiful. And if my bitter commentator has not the heart to feel this, let him stigmatise me as much and as rancorously as he pleases. The "infirmity" is not aggravated into "viciousness," for no aggravation can make it worse.

We are now drawing to a conclusion, at least, of the charges brought against me, as the "vilifier" of Pope's character. If the reader has followed me so far, with attention, I am thankful; still more if he should feel convinced, as I have little doubt, that in point of "aggravation," I have been far more "sinned against than SINNING!"

The critic's last accusation is mixed with an "affectation" of tenderness towards me, in not exposing the indecency of some of my notes!

[1] "It is by no means certain the distich applies to Lady Mary, for we can prove he had applied the name of Sappho to Mrs. Thomas." Mrs. Thomas, good Sir, was dead, when this distich was written. Pope, in his evasion, does not mention her name, but the names of Mrs. Manley, Behn, Centlivre, &c. But none of these had written libels on him; and, therefore, the line will not suit one of them. Lady Mary was the only *Sappho* who had "libelled him," as he himself says, in lines afterwards suppressed:

"He wrote no libels; but *my Lady* did!"

And in this very passage he had applied the name "Sappho:"

"*Sappho* can tell," &c.

"The commentator ought to thank us, for our *delicacy*, for not dwelling on the *indecency* of some of his notes!"

What! has so much "aggravation" been employed to make Pope's commentator think there is any "delicacy," for which he ought to "THANK" this critic, or to induce him to believe that he would not have exposed "the indecency of *the notes*" if HE COULD!

The commentator indignantly rejects his proffered "delicacy!" If a single "indecent note" could be pointed out, he should indeed be sorry—to express this is all he can do; but as the critic has not *spared* the commentator in any instance where he thought he could bring a charge against him, so he sincerely believes he deliberately intended to imply a charge where he knew he could not bring one.

I have just before said, his "sneers" and his insinuations I retort on himself!

The "sneer" that follows is despicable indeed.

Lord Byron had published, in his animated satire on "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a laughable passage, and ascribed this passage to me!

No construction of my language could possibly bear him out, in such a representation. However, it was read, and believed, and laughed at! Lord Byron[1] was of too noble a mind to misrepresent me deliberately; and on showing him the misstatement, he frankly acknowledged he had unintentionally done me wrong, and he had the generous magnanimity to say he would explain the circumstance, had he not given orders that the book should be suppressed!

I narrated the circumstance just as it happened, which affords this critic such amusement! It is said "I spoke in a tone of seriousness, but with perfect good humour." I did so.

[1] Now, with that "*naïveté*" which you have attributed to me, will I declare why the expression, "perfectly good-humoured," was used on this occasion, which seems to make you so merry. It was used for no other reason than to show I could speak of the criticisms on any thing I had written, *without* "*ill-humour*," as some such critic as you might have inferred. Whether I was, on this occasion, or on any other, where criticism is concerned, perfectly good-humoured, those who were present, and Lord Byron himself, if he remembers the circumstance, will *witness*. Whether you will feel in as "*perfect* good-humour," when I have a little farther *probed your criticism*, as I felt when Lord Byron probed my poetry, I know not: sure I am, there are some *touches* which must make you "*wince*," if you have any sensibility, in finding baseness and falsehood laid bare to the sinews; for there is this difference between my poetry and your prose—Lord Byron *imagined* a *sore place* in the one, but the other is putrid from head to foot, as to what concerns myself in this article. I have no doubt *two hands* were concerned, because, where prejudice does not interfere, it is entertaining and sensible.

I should have thought it a "serious" thing deliberately to *publish* and hold up "to public ridicule," a passage, as written by another, which he never wrote. Whether to have spoken of "good humour" was wise, I will not now affirm; but I said no more than what many witnesses can affirm to *be true*.

This circumstance thus awakens our blithe annotator's facetiousness.

"Mr. Bowles has more than once complained that his critics will not "understand" him (certainly where they, as this critic has done, insidiously leave out *half* he has said); however, Lord Byron quoted a passage in Mr. Bowles's poems, *not* as Mr. Bowles wrote, but as critics said he wrote it. Thus, Mr. Bowles had reason to complain that he was "*not understood*," and more so when that very mis-quotation was the cause of sarcasm! Mr. Bowles, therefore, related a circumstance that passed between himself and Lord Byron, on this subject, not concealing the manner in which he spoke to Lord Byron."

Euge! cries the critic, this is an anecdote of admirable *naïveté!* It is characteristic! "*The plot was well laid and the scene not ill got up!*"

This man, who thinks there "is nothing *serious*" in attributing to another that which he knows he did not deserve, is welcome to this merriment. In his own case, this very critic has said deliberately that of another which the person so charged *does not* deserve, and which he knew he did not deserve! He is guilty of uttering a calumny, knowing it is a calumny!

This I am "sentimental" enough to think an infamous crime; and the mention of Lord Byron gives him an opportunity not only of a flippant remark and heartless "sneer;" but the opportunity is too tempting for baser passions to let slip, for, as if unwilling to take leave of the subject, without indulging his "malignity," as well as his *merriment*, he thus held up the commentator:

> "If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first,
> Have foil'd the best of critics, need the worst,
> Do thou essay ——
> Affect a *candour* which thou can'st not feel,
> Clothe ENVY in the garb of honest zeal;
> Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
> And do from HATE what Mallet did for hire."

Lord Byron knows I do not deserve this character: he knows I never "affected a *candour* I did not feel;" and he is too generous to apply to me that character which I DO NOT DESERVE, though being totally ignorant of me, and looking on Pope with a warmth of a sacred predilection, which could not bear the thought of his

failings, he might thus have drawn such a portrait. Lord Byron knows (I hope I may now say so) I do not deserve this representation; and my critic himself knows I do not deserve it, or he has told a falsehood; for he says, it ill became a person "whose amiable disposition is ACKNOWLEDGED," "to aggravate" such infirmities into viciousness!

He therefore states, if he be sincere in what he here says, that I do not deserve that which this *quotation* imputes to me. Either he or I, then, must be most atrocious. I, if indeed, in writing Pope's Life,

I did for "Hate" what Mallet did for pay;

or he, if he advanced this, believing "IT WAS NOT TRUE!"

Whether it were true or false, if I had quoted, in the Life of Pope, the satiric lines of Lord Hervey or Lady Montagu, to prove, that his "*heart* was as *hard*" as his "birth obscure," I should deserve this censure, and much more; and I leave every impartial and equitable judge, to pronounce whom "THE CAP MOST FITS:" me, whom this critic has acquitted of intentional hostility; or himself, who, so thinking, has brought a professed satire, to prove my "envy, and hate," which himself does not believe.

Having thus, "step by step," attended the critic through this intemperate discussion; having shown his aggravation of offences, his petulant "sneers," and his *affected* sarcasms; his appeal to a professed SATIRE, to establish charges of which himself acquits *me;* having, I trust, also, vindicated myself from the accusation brought against me, that I had "aggravated" Pope's "*infirmities into viciousness,*" and "*surmised* away EVERY AMIABLE *quality;*" having shown satisfactorily, as I hope, to every unprejudiced understanding, that I have been, in point of "*aggravation,*" "more sinn'd *against* than sinning," I now come to the consideration of a more *serious* part of this inconsiderate and intemperate piece of criticism.

After what is said of the "wild speculations" of Lord Monboddo, and the "honest curate in the wilds of Devonshire," these words occur:—

"It is only on this principle that we can account for the injury inflicted on Pope, by the *strange proceedings* of his last Editor, who having possessed himself of the *ravings* of all the dunces on their arch-enemy, dwelled on them till their *sinister influence* operated on his imagination, and prompted him to hesitate, and suggest, and surmise away *every amiable characteristic of the Poet;* and, INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY APPEAR, to accuse him of the CONTRARY DISPOSITIONS!"

Thus, then, I have not only "aggravated" all "*infirmities*" into "*viciousness,*" but, "INCREDIBLE AS IT MUST APPEAR," having "*surmised away* EVERY AMIABLE CHARACTERISTIC," have accused Pope of the CONTRARY DISPOSITIONS! That is

to say, I have turned his friendships into *hatreds*, his affectionate duty and tender love for his aged mother into *cold-hearted ingratitude*, his *general benevolence* into feelings of *malevolence*.

To show whether or not *I* deserve it, I place before the public those extracts which were before the eyes of this man when he wrote:—

"This year he (Pope) lost his aged mother, who had gradually sunk before his eyes, into the extremest imbecility of age, and whose '*cradle* of parting repose he had so long rocked with solicitude and affection,' &c. Whatever irritation he might *sometimes* have experienced, he *no sooner* turned his eyes *on those he loved*, but his passions seemed to subside, and his spirit became gentle. Hence, in his severest denunciations of *satirical* indignation, he so often and so delightfully interests us by unexpected touches of *domestic tenderness*."—Life of Pope, page 92.

"No poet, perhaps, ever left the world with greater general testimonies to his *virtues and his genius*."—Page 118.

"Whatever might have been his *defects*, he could not have had many bad qualities, who never lost a friend, and whom Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, Lyttleton, Fortescue, and Murray, *esteemed and loved* through life!"—Page 131.

"That he was a *most dutiful and affectionate son*, a *kind master*, a *sincere* friend, and, generally speaking, a *benevolent* man, is undoubted."—Page 120.

Now, Sir, whoever you are, I take you on your word. Either you have said, what, if true, ought indeed to make me "hang my head, and *blush* to think myself a man:" or if what you asserted *is false*, and you *knew it to be false*, which you must have done, you, if you have the heart of a man—I will not say of a Christian—ought to "blush." We stand not before the public only, but before Him who "made us." It must turn out, "by hint," "suggestion," or "surmise," if what you have laid to my charge be true, that he was "a most *un*-dutiful, *un*-affectionate son, a *false* friend," &c. &c.

There you stand, Sir, exposed; and no sophistry, no vaporing declamation, will help you out. There you stand, and if not "*blushing*" for your atrocious calumny, I must believe your Editor will "blush" for you.

I now hasten to the conclusion of this part of my defence.

But before I finish, I must advert for a moment to the last part of this criticism.—

After a long intermission, in which my name seems almost forgotten, and even when the critic, with singular complacency, had just exclaimed:—

"*Singula dum taciti circumvectemur amore*,"

in the Elysium of his delighted imagination, my unfortunate name again comes across his imagination, when I was in hopes, amidst

his delicious reveries, he had forgotten me; and before he can finally dismiss the subject, yea! before he "*limps away,*" (which expression I have taken from himself,) though he cannot "*bite,*" he turns to have a last growl; for thus he growleth at the conclusion:—

"The last Editor of Churchill informs US, that this poet once designed a systematic attack on Pope's personal and poetical character, which, that nothing so desirable should be lost, has been FULLY reserved for the skill and care of Mr. BOWLES."

As this "systematic attack" was fully reserved for the skill and care of Mr. Bowles, I would just beg the reader to compare what has been said of the prominent defects of Pope's character by Dr. Johnson.

Let us see what Johnson, upon the same subject of Pope's failings, has said; for one would suppose, by the systematic attack being FULLY RESERVED for the "skill and care of Mr. Bowles;" no one had, before Mr. Bowles, spoken of the infirmities of his character, much less in language more strong than I have done: and, be it remembered, it was hardly necessary to describe me as a morbid hypochondriac, on whose imagination, with "sinister influence," all the "dunces" operated, when there was enough found in one, WHO WAS "NO DUNCE," to justify more than I have ever said.

As Johnson was certainly "NO DUNCE," nor had his imagination warped by brooding, till he was half mad, over dunces, let us ask, what "*sinister influence operated*" on his mind, when he thus writes of POPE'S MEANNESS and *duplicity?*

"Aaron Hill expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was induced to SNEAK and SHUFFLE, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologise; he first endeavours to ward, and then is afraid to own that he meant a blow."—Johnson's Life of Pope.

Ingratitude and dissimulation.

"From the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought on him (Chandos), he tried all means of escaping. Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no one was satisfied, and he was at last obliged to shelter his temerity under dissimulation."—Johnson's Life of Pope.

Love of flattery.

"Pope had been *flattered* till he thought himself one of the moving powers of the system of life."—Johnson's Life of Pope.

Professions at variance with his feelings.

"Cibber replied to the Dunciad with another pamphlet, which Pope said would be as good as a *dose of hartshorn* to him; but HIS TONGUE and HIS HEART were at VARIANCE!"

When one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, he said, "These things are *my diversion.*" They sat by whilst he was reading, and saw his features writhe with anguish.

I might mention what Johnson says of his *parsimony*, &c.; but I forbear, as I only wish the reader to perceive that, if I have taken a false view of Pope's character, I ought not to bear the blame *alone*. In truth, I have *softened* the most glaring lines of character rather than *heightened* them; for what I have called "prudence," Dr. Johnson calls "parsimony;" what I have called[1] "evasion," he has called "SNEAKING and SHUFFLING:" nor has he ever sought to trace to their origin, as an excuse for those less amiable parts of Pope's character, and those infirmities, which appeared to me, and which I have so stated, to have sprung from that "*self-love*," which grew unavoidably out of moral causes and physical infirmities.

If I have cleared myself, in any degree, to the satisfaction of the wise and good, the impartial and unprejudiced, I would wish to part friends even with my anonymous critic: I owe him no ill-will. The charges which are advanced now would probably have been advanced some other time, when there would be none to answer them.

I shall have a much pleasanter path to pursue when I take a more extended survey of Pope's poetical character, which I have never denied to be the "*greatest in his order*," although his order was not the *greatest* in poetry. If the path be pleasanter, I have no doubt the grounds I shall give for my unshaken belief in the invariable principles of poetry will be satisfactory. In taking leave of the critic, whose course I thought myself bound thus far to pursue, I must confess that I can hardly believe myself entirely free from blame, when others have read my Life with some of these impressions. A warmth of feeling against every thing connected with disingenuousness or duplicity, induced me to use, though I was not conscious of this, expressions too warm for the occasion, and have given reason to imagine, that, when I conceived I spoke *what truth required*, I was actuated by different feelings.

In conclusion, I beg to assure my severe annotator, I feel as little ill-will towards him, as I ever felt towards the great poet whose life and poetry he defends; and if he has a particle of that charity and candor, for the want of which, in the Life of Pope, he arraigns me, the hope may not be in vain, that if we never agree in the Invariable Principles of Poetry, we may agree in that which is of more consequence—CHRISTIAN forbearance; having both of us derived some improvement from the investigation of each other's faults.

[1] The word "hypocrisy" I have only applied in one instance, relating to the art, with which, as it appears incontrovertible to me, he got his letters to be published.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

POETICAL CHARACTER OF POPE;

FURTHER ELUCIDATING

THE

"INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY," &c.

WITH

A SEQUEL,

IN REPLY TO OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

POETICAL CHARACTER OF POPE,

&c. &c.

In entering upon the remaining part of my vindication, the defence of Poetical Criticism, I am conscious that, as far as this point is concerned, I need not, nor should I, have made any reply. The criticism, except where the critic "unblushingly" asserted, I thought Pope "no great poet," only called in question my taste in poetry.

My principles of judging the relative characteristics of different species of poetry, are laid down, in the Estimate of Pope's Poetical Character, and in the Letter to Mr. Campbell; nor should I have thought it incumbent on me to have said one word in reply, to the nonsense of "in-door nature," or the absurdity of a critic pretending ignorance of the commonest terms of criticism, had not that "malus animus" appeared in the article, which, whilst it professedly acquitted me of dishonorable motives, "in reality," treated me as if I had been actuated by the basest.

It was on this account, and on this only, that I felt it my duty to appeal to all fair and liberal minds; at the same time, having entered on the subject, I thought I might be justified, in exposing the futility of the remarks, which the same article furnishes, against what the author is pleased to call my "THEORY," by advancing some further arguments in support of it, if a THEORY it be, and showing the fallacy of his own arguments.

I shall here make one general observation; that, IF ANY CIRCUMSTANCE MORE THAN ANOTHER, COULD WEIGH WITH ME IN CONFIRMING THE CONVICTION, that what I said of

the moral part of Pope's character, was (generally speaking,) true; and that the principles of poetical criticism, which I had laid down, were "invariable" and invulnerable, it would be THE FACT, that the opponent of my statements and principles, is obliged scandalously to exaggerate, in the first instance, and wilfully to confuse the plainest reasonings in the other. Before I proceed I shall take this opportunity of saying a few words concerning the circumstance of my having, in the last number of the PAMPHLETEER, attributed the criticism in the Quarterly Review to Mr. Gilchrist, and in noticing the attack he has published, in consequence of an anonymous pamphlet, which appeared soon after the criticism in the Quarterly.

As the greatest personal abuse is heaped upon me, in the peculiar *slang* of this gentleman, it will be necessary to go back to some circumstances materially connected with this discussion.

I shall not enter into a particular examination of the pamphlet, which, by a *mis-nomer*, is called "GILCHRIST'S ANSWER TO BOWLES," when it should have been called "GILCHRIST'S ABUSE OF BOWLES;"—but as he derides my peculiar "sensitiveness to criticism;" before I show how destitute of truth is this representation, I will here explicitly declare the only grounds upon which I have thought it at all necessary to reply to any criticism, and the only grounds upon which I think any writer has a right to reply to public criticisms, on public works. The grounds, then, are these, and by these I am willing to abide the decision of the literary world, whether I am not justified in replying to the criticism in the Quarterly Review.

An author is justified in appealing to every UPRIGHT AND HONORABLE MIND in the kingdom when his sentiments are artfully misrepresented, when base motives are assigned, and when exaggerations are deliberately advanced, the tendency of which must be to excite injurious impressions of his honorable conduct or moral character.

These are the grounds on which I thought it necessary to reply to the article in question, and I shall now plainly set before the literary public, all the circumstances that have led to my name and Mr. Gilchrist's being brought together on this occasion; and what I have to say on this point, I would particularly address to the consideration of those most respectable characters, who have the direction and management of the Periodical Critical Press.

I concluded my observations in the last Pamphleteer, with feelings not unkind towards Mr. Gilchrist, or to the author of the Review of Spence, be he whom he might. I was in hopes, as I have been always ready to admit any errors I might have been led into, or prejudices I might have entertained, that even Mr.

Gilchrist might be disposed to a more amicable mode of discussing what I had advanced in regard to Pope's moral character.

But I have since read a publication by him, containing such vulgar slander, affecting my private life and character, (which are beyond *his malice* to injure) that I am obliged to set before the public the mode of *Christian* criticism, of which I believe he has set the first example, in Europe. I trust, therefore, some severer tone of castigation will be pardoned, in regard to such an infamous mode of literary discussion, and such infamous "arguing from perversions."

In the London Magazine for February, 1820, appeared, in a Review of SPENCE'S ANECDOTES, the following sentence:

"These testimonies to the *worth* and *virtue* of the poet, not *consorting* with the PURPOSE of Mr. Bowles, he has preferred the representations of his enemies; and having, with an *obliquity* unexampled in an editor, RESOLVED to ASPERSE the moral reputation of his author, it was necessary that he should AFFECT to sneer at the friendly representations of a chronicler, actuated by feelings so unlike his own! The general *defamation* of Pope's character, Mr. Bowles shares with Curl, Gildon, &c.; but the INQUISITION which he has instituted into the poet's attachment to Martha Blount, is eminently his own; though the PRURIENCY WITH WHICH HIS NOSE IS LAID TO THE GROUND, to SCENT SOME TAINT in their connection, and the ANATOMICAL MINUTENESS with which he EXAMINES and determines on the physical constitution of Pope, might, in charity, be deemed only unseemly in a layman, and occasional critic;—in an Editor, and a CLERGYMAN, such conduct appears to us INDECENT and INSUFFERABLY DISGUSTING!!"

How deeply offensive to every sense of decency ought those passages to be, which could call for such a disgusting description. If I had written any thing in the Life of Pope, which might fairly be thought to merit such a representation, I should deserve the reprobation of every pure and every honorable mind; but if no idea, that could justify such a coarse caricature, ever entered my head; if having looked through all the volumes of the last edition of Pope, to find a passage which could justify such monstrous exaggerations, I have looked in vain; then I think the literary public will pronounce the writer of it to be the most "barefaced" dealer in vulgarity, indecency, and slander, that cotemporary criticism can show.

The writer of this sentence, extracted from the London Magazine, is OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST! I do not say this unadvisedly, for he has himself explicitly admitted it, calling it "my castigation!"

I shall now extract, from the Life of Pope, in the last edition, the only passage which I can suppose he must have had in his eye when he penned the "indecent, vulgar ribaldry," I have quoted:—

"Many facts tend to prove the peculiar susceptibility of his passions, nor can we implicitly believe, that the connexion between him and Martha Blount, was of a nature "so pure and innocent" as his panegyrist, Ruffhead, would make us believe. But whatever there might be of criminality in the connexion, it did not take place till the heyday of youth was over; that is, after the death of her brother, (1726); when he was 38, and she 35. Teresa was of the same age with Pope, being born at Paris, 1688; Martha, three years younger, was born at Mapledurham, 1691: consequently she was thirty-five when the connexion between her and Pope became more avowed and explicit. At this time of life there was perhaps no great danger of a "false step." Certainly she became by degrees more indifferent to the opinion of the world. At no time could she have regarded Pope personally with attachment; and when other views were past, she might have acquiesced in her situation, rather than have been gratified by any reciprocities of kindness or affection. But the most extraordinary circumstance, in regard to his connexion with female society, was the strange mixture of indecent and sometimes *profane* levity, which his conduct and language often exhibited. The cause of this particularity may be sought, perhaps, in his consciousness of physical defect, which made him affect a character uncongenial, and a language opposite to the truth."—*Life of Pope.*

If what is here extracted does, or can excite in the mind, (I will not say of any "Laymian," of any Christian, but) of any *human being*, such disgusting images as have sprung up under Mr. Gilchrist's "nose," and which he has drawn with "minuteness" truly anatomical, and with congenial "pruriency;" then I confess, with sorrow, my conduct deserves the severest animadversions.

But, on the contrary, if, as I verily believe, the passage in my Life of Pope, that speaks of his connection with Martha Blount, &c. does not, and cannot excite these filthy ideas and images (here "minutely" specified), except in the brain of Mr. Gilchrist, I ask, whether, in attributing an article, full of exaggerations, on the same subject, in the Quarterly Review, to this critic, or, in introducing his name, I had any reason for distinguishing him with that courtesy which I had hitherto always endeavoured to show, from principle as well as disposition, in literary controversy?

I am now peremptorily called upon to speak of a circumstance which gives me the greatest pain; the mention of a letter I received from the Editor of the London Magazine.

It is now too late for me to recede, however I may lament that the name of the editor was introduced on the occasion; but the *fact* has been, by Mr. Gilchrist, positively denied. I am defied to prove this circumstance, and I must consider my own veracity as now called in question. I therefore assert, in my own name, and I dare Mr. Gilchrist to contradict me, that the editor of the Magazine, which contained Mr. Gilchrist's filthy caricature, did write to me, to say that in the case of Spence's Anecdotes, *as the correspondent spoke in the style of editor*, the article CERTAINLY SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN *admitted*, had not the editor, at the time, been dangerously ill, and incapable of attending to the Magazine!

It will be observed that no honor or secresy was violated; and, for myself, I do not fear to declare, that no responsible editor could, upon any principles of justice, to say nothing of the ribaldry of expression, have admitted that criticism, *unless he had first seen the specific passages to which it alluded*, and was convinced that they contained indecent expressions and disgusting matter, such as could only justify this representation.

It is necessary, absolutely and PAINFULLY necessary, further to state, respecting the indelicacy of bringing before the public any allusions to private correspondence, that PERMISSION so to do was PREVIOUSLY asked! As no answer was returned till nearly a month had elapsed, it was not conceived that any honorable feelings could be violated by publicly mentioning the circumstance of having received such a communication, to such a purport, when, if the most distant intimation of objection had been dropped, during this time, no consideration in the world would, or could, have induced the writer to have made any allusion whatever to sentiments privately expressed.

Mr. Southey's permission was asked, and promptly given, without any restriction, though I shall ever lament that any thing occurred contrary to the feelings of the editor of the London Magazine. It was (rashly indeed) concluded, that if there had been any particular objection, some notice of it would have been given during the previous three weeks.

I must here also beg to correct another mistake into which I have fallen, in hastily writing the article for the Pamphleteer. I allude to the word "stranger," as applied to the editor. Some misunderstanding may have arisen from the sentence as it stands, for the construction should have been, "the editor, though nearly a *stranger*," &c. A revise of the proof-sheet not being returned, the word "nearly" was omitted.

The editor ought not to have been called a "stranger," as I had been introduced to him by Mr. Moore; yet, it must be added, I

never saw him but that once: the expression, therefore, of "stranger" was used, though the *loss* is mine that he should be so.

I admit, also, most willingly, that the letter I received from him, was after Mr. Gilchrist's avowal of his being the writer of the criticism on Spence's Anecdotes, in the London.

The criticism appeared in the Magazine for February; the letter was received in September, and it was occasioned by a letter from me to the *unknown editor* of the work; NOT (I beg the reader to remark,) *complaining*, or even saying a word about the criticism, but communicating a wish that the letter which appears with my name in the Magazine should be inserted.

I never mentioned, to the best of my recollection, one word about the criticism; and nothing is said of it in the letter published with my name.

The letter that occasioned any reference to the subject, in a previous number, was not mine. It is signed with the initials of the name of the person who wrote it.

Having explicitly stated these things, to the best of my knowledge, I now hope to drop the subject for ever. It will be a matter of continual regret with me, that any misunderstanding should have arisen, by my fault, with a gentleman, whose character, public and private, I so much esteem. If he had written one word expressive of his feelings, when the permission of taking a *sentence* from his letter was asked, nothing unpleasant could have occurred; and I only lament now, that under any circumstances, a name should have been introduced without *express consent*.

No person, who has written like Mr. Gilchrist, has a right to object to the style of the anonymous pamphlet. I shall therefore set before the reader another specimen of this gentleman's *ars maledicendi* in criticism, from the pamphlet, which he calls "An Answer to Bowles." This sentence there appears:

"With the exception of the passage in which, with the MOST UNBLUSHING EFFRONTERY, you suggest that Pope MADE AN ATTEMPT on Lady Mary's person, and was REPULSED, you have not urged one reason for our believing that Pope was the aggressor, &c.; and yet, without any argument besides YOUR OWN GROSS INVENTION of ATTEMPT at RAPE! you persist in repeating, *terque quaterque*, Pope was the aggressor."

Would any man have the "MOST UNBLUSHING EFFRONTERY," in the face of day, in a Christian country, to assert such a fact, of an editor having invented a tale of ATTEMPT AT RAPE, without direct proofs? The writer gives no authority, any more than he did in the former instance, of his disgusting obloquy. I am certain that such an idea as that of which he speaks never entered

into my head, though, somehow or other, it has entered into *his*, as the other indecent images did.

The only passage I can find, to which I suppose he must allude, is the following:—

"Lady Montague was at this time at Constantinople. Pope has here suppressed part of the letter, which may be seen in Dalloway's edition. The grossness of it will sufficiently explain Pope's meaning; and I have little doubt, but that the lady, disdaining the stiff and *formal* mode of *female* manners at that time prevalent, made the lover believe he might proceed a *step* farther than *decorum* would allow."—Edition of Pope, Vol. 7th.

Christian reader! such are the "beauties" of Gilchristian criticism. This is a specimen of a Gilchrist's heart. I am certain, no words of mine will be necessary to excite disdain and abhorrence of such unblushing effrontery. "A STEP BEYOND DECORUM," in this man's repertory of pure conceptions, is "AN ATTEMPT TO COMMIT A RAPE!"

And this critic is to undertake a review of the "controverted points in Pope's writings." He takes a sentence, puts a construction on it that would enter into the head of no human being but his own, and imputes the filthy genderings of depraved imagination, and the distorting suggestions of malignant spleen, to the editor whom he thus impudently "asperses," and then accuses him of "UNTRUTHS," which, forsooth, must call forth "HIS castigation."

And this is the critic, *(risum teneatis)* to school me for *innate vulgarity!!* to tell me that I exemplify the "*ars male-dicendi:*" that my associates in professional labors will recollect how Hooker, Hall, and Lowth, conducted *their controversies;* and sigh inwardly for Mr. Bowles's want of "MODERATION, MODESTY, and GOOD MANNERS!"

Why did he not consult these writers himself before he commenced the gross attack in the London Magazine?

Under the immediate impression that Mr. Bowles was indebted for the criticism in the Quarterly, to the same hand which wrote the criticism in the London, a hasty pamphlet was suffered to appear, in which some personalities respecting Mr. Gilchrist were admitted.

The coarse and illiberal remarks of the Quarterly Review, in which a clergyman, residing chiefly in the country, is described as a distempered hypochondriac; and this remark being associated in the mind, not only with the specimen I have given of Gilchristian criticism, but with what is said in the Quarterly Review about "in-door" NATURE, induced the writer hastily to seize on some

images illustrative of the poetry of this said "in-door" nature; which images, though introduced, not ill-naturedly, nor in a manner so reprehensible as that of the criticism in the Quarterly Review, alluding to what might be considered as almost mental derangement, yet, being connected with Mr. Gilchrist's situation in life, no provocation should have operated a moment on the writer's mind to publish.

But, in extenuation, not only the great provocation should be remembered, but it ought to be said, that orders were sent to the London booksellers, that the most direct personal passages should be *omitted entirely;* nor did I know that any copy of that publication, except with the leaves cancelled, had been sent out for general sale. This I think it right to declare publicly. For the rest, Mr. Gilchrist has no right to object, as the reader will see, by what has been fairly set before him.

Mr. Gilchrist has had ample revenge; for, in his "answer," (as he calls it) I am represented as wrapped up in self-love, and paying attention only to the rich and great—sneering on the obscure and humble possessor of talents, only because he *is* poor—sensitive, in a peculiar manner, to all criticism, and complaining unless it "chants my praise"—having the affectation of "gentylness," a super-stratum to "innate vulgarity," being a "priest in drink," &c. &c. And this abuse is heaped on me, and these personal, and these foul and false representations of my *private life* and character are called "an answer."

This pamphlet is indeed a "mud-cart!" and even, whilst the scavenger is emptying it, I am recommended by him to learn, in controversy, the language of Hooker and Lowth!

No personal provocation was thought of, or could have been given, when Mr. Gilchrist wrote the criticism in the London Magazine, which is an equal outrage on common courtesy as well as truth. Is he to come with a "mud-cart," and never expect a "splash" in return? Shall he be *licensed* to outrage feelings and character, and demand himself to be treated as a *gentleman?* Shall he insult with the foulest ribaldry of critical slang, and expect smiles and courtesies in return? Shall he fling dirt, and receive rose-water?

Mr. Gilchrist's character of me, whom he never saw, wants very little to make me like Crispinus of old,

> – *nulla virtute redemptum;*

and the character would be certainly complete, if he had added a few shades from another portrait, by giving me bitterness and disingenuous malice, and a spirit so manly and generous as to

deny that a libeller's vengeance is unjustifiable from man to woman, and to a woman once beloved, under any provocation!!

As to the Quarterly Review, if I have done so much wrong as to attribute an article to him which he would have thought an honor to have written; or if, under this impression, I may have used any expressions more than the occasion would justify; or if, combining together the idea of his first criticism with the untruths of this, I had applied to him observations that may be thought too coarsely direct, his ardent "genius" is resolved to

"SIN UP TO MY SONG!"—POPE.

He wrote the criticism in the London Magazine, and he now, with "the most unblushing effrontery," directly charges me with the "*invention of Pope's attempt to* COMMIT *a* RAPE *on the person of* LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE." Whose "invention" this thought is, the reader will determine.

Though he did not write the article in the Quarterly, he seems scarce able to restrain his delight in contemplating its triumph. With applauding sympathy he seems to exclaim,

"Oh! let MY little bark attendant sail,
"Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale."

And no wonder; for it is impossible that any article could be so perfectly in unison with his feelings and taste, and mode of reasoning.

Without applying the quotation which he has applied with so much adroitness, "Arcades ambo!"[1] we may consider the writer in the Quarterly Review and himself "both Arcadians," "in-door" Arcadians indeed!

Or we might rather figure the two critics as the "two Kings of Brentford" in the Rehearsal, and as these two kings are introduced, "smelling to ONE NOSEGAY;" and moreover, as Pope was known to visit his female friends frequently with such a personal decoration, it would make the comparison more complete, by imagining these two critics, like the aforesaid two kings, entering on the stage, and withdrawing, smelling to "ONE NOSEGAY," and that the perennial nosegay of their favorite and injured bard.

And further, as the passage, in which Pope is said to have been "*aspersed*" for the GROSSEST licentiousness, does not seem quite complete, I would suggest Mr. Gilchrist's addition, which will make the whole sentence of his favorite critic more eloquent, and be equally just; it would then run thus:

"*We find Pope aspersed, for a sordid, money-getting passion;*

[1] This quotation, with the addition of "Oh! Juvenes!" in his flippant tirade, in the London Magazine, is applied, with IRONICAL derision, to the deprivations of old age, with equal manliness, humanity, and taste!

for taking bribes to suppress satires; for the most rankling envy; for the WORST *of tempers; for duplicity, and fickleness of opinion; for the grossest licentiousness; for* AN ATTEMPT TO COMMIT A RAPE!!"

Thus the sentence in the Quarterly would be complete; and the joint labors of such *concordes animæ*, be equally conspicuous for climax and truth!

I can produce more reasons, than I have yet given, to show why I attributed the critique in the Quarterly, to Octavius Gilchrist. I did not suppose there could exist a man in the kingdom, *so impudent* as to pretend he did not know the meaning of "subject and execution" of a poem; except Octavius Gilchrist, Esq., F. S. A.

I did not think there was one man in the kingdom, who would pretend ignorance of the meaning of "disposition," "relief," &c. except Octavius Gilchrist. I did not conceive that one man in the kingdom would utter such stupid flippancy, about "squaring the circle," except a man of the identical taste and sense of Octavius Gilchrist. I did not think there was one man in the kingdom, who, if he did not understand the common terms of "external nature," "moral nature," &c. would so entirely show his ignorance, combined with conceit, in confessing it, except Octavius Gilchrist.

I did not believe there was a man in the kingdom so perfect in Mr. Gilchrist's "Old Lunes," as daringly to assert, I had been prompted to surmise away EVERY AMIABLE CHARACTERISTIC of the poet (Pope) except Octavius Gilchrist; I did not believe any one would or could be so unfeelingly pert as to talk, as he has done, of the hypochondriasm of "provincial authors," except Octavius Gilchrist; I did not think the mean mind of any one in the kingdom could be gratified by a quotation from a professed satire, seriously imputing "Gall" and Hate, to the editor of Pope's Works, except the mean mind of Octavius Gilchrist. I did not believe that any man in the kingdom could assert, that because I used the words "mixture of gallantry and licentiousness," I aspersed Pope, as guilty of "*the grossest* licentiousness," except that one man, who, because I said "Pope might have gone a step beyond *decorum*," said, I had the "effrontery" to accuse him of ATTEMPTING A RAPE;" which effrontery could only distinguish one man in the kingdom, and no other, and this man was the modest Octavius Gilchrist, Esq., F. S. A.

There are some more reasons, that justified me in supposing the author of the offensive ribaldry in the London, was the author also of the notable criticism in the Quarterly. Whoever the author is, (and he is now not unknown) in some respects, though not in "provincial" conceit and insolence, he might claim kindred with the gentleman who has been so often mentioned.

For I believed there is no man in England that could fraudulently leave out the "explanation" of a sentence, and then say, Mr. Bowles wanted explaining himself, unless he were akin, in point of reasoning at least, with Octavius Gilchrist, Esq., F. A. S.

Now, Sir, as you have given me some advice, have the goodness to listen a few minutes to me. I shall not detain you long; and as I may not condescend to reply any further, to a person of your manners and taste, I take this opportunity of making a reply to some observations which you have personally addressed to me.

I am as ignorant as the dead, of what your meaning is, when you speak of my being conscious of some "duplicity" myself, in regard to the publication of Pope's Letters. I am conscious of no "duplicity"—I have not the most distant idea of what you mean. The detestation of "duplicity" in any man's character, has exposed me to such acrimonious revilings—although, when I spoke in the sincerity of my heart, you candidly tell me that what I said, was "HYPOCRITICAL and DESIGNING!"

If I speak of what appear to me as palpable faults, my motives are Hate, &c. If I profess disbelief, Mr. Gilchrist knows my secret *wishes!*

As to duplicity,

> Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος, ὁμῶς ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν,
> Ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθει ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

in the translation, (I quote from memory)

> "Who dares think one thing and another tell,
> My heart detests him, as the gates of hell."

But Pope's duplicity, not Pope, were the objects of my dislike, and I firmly believed, and do believe him, guilty of it; and that *facts*—clear, positive facts—justified this belief. His disingenuousness and his "duplicity," were the objects of my dislike, and these I ascribed, to the circumstances of his physical infirmities and education; but I could not, I would not, pass them over, in a Life I am called to write, without reprobation, when I think *facts* prove them. Nor can I ever think they ought to be passed over, much less consecrated, because they formed some parts of the "unamiable" qualities of a great poet.

If any one can prove that these circumstances, admitted, *not* on the authority of Johnson—or Warton,—or any of the "Dunces," combined against him—but, from my own conscientious consideration, were untrue; then, I say, I shall rejoice as much as you, Mr. Gilchrist, and make "the amplest recompence" I can. The

"Eloisa," alone, is sufficient to convict him of licentiousness, *gross licentiousness.* Let me now point out to you the difference between a traducer, and him who sincerely states what he sincerely believes.

The "traducer" writes that deliberately, which he knows is NOT TRUE; the traducer draws pictures from his own imagination, and affirms that, which *he is conscious* he cannot justify. On this account, I have received from *you, at least,* not one *twentieth* part of the *candor* I have shown! I have set before the public the passage which you wickedly twist into "attempt at a rape." My "pruriency" and the "*anatomical*" process, on Pope's "*physical* infirmities," "*so indecent* and disgusting in a clergyman," you have brought no passage to prove; and you did right, for it would *confound* you! The *traducer*, then, "*falsifies*," exaggerates, and invents.

I acquit you of *equivocation*, for you are exempted from it by that which exempted Chartres from HYPOCRISY, namely, by "matchless impudence." And I would wish you, before you talk of "*innate vulgarity*" being a superstratum of affected "gentylness," not to forget that "innate vulgarity," with other qualities I shall not name, may exist, without its superstratum of gentylness, real or affected, and that the character of a conceited coxcomb, is not incompatible with that of a "bully, that lifts its head, and —!" Whether you will admit, as Mrs. Malaprop says, this "*soft empeachment*," I know not; I speak what I can prove. And be assured, I feel equally indifferent, Mr. Gilchrist, for what your malice can invent, or your impudence utter.

Whatever your opinion of my calibre, as you quaintly call it, may be, supposing you may mean my understanding, I am quite indifferent—I am, I believe, a *match* for you, at least! in everything, except "innate vulgarity;" and the "Thersites" of the nineteenth century cannot excite much alarm. There is a comparison, in your own bard, which might suit you better:

> "Destroy his FIB, or sophistry in vain,
> The creature's at his dirty work again!"

but rest assured, I regard with equal contempt, your sophistry or falsehood, "your cob-web, or your poison!"

One thing has given me concern. I take this opportunity of explanation.—

In the small pamphlet to which your's is called an answer, there occurs a passage which might seem to reflect on the patronage a young man has received.

Nothing could be farther from the writer's thoughts, than any thing that might look like a wish to throw coldness on the patronage, which a poet in poverty and obscurity, has obtained.

The observation related, not to the poet, but the critic, whose pompous and pedantic criticism rather injured than promoted the cause of him it was intended to serve.

I only wish that the hand of patronage could be further extended. There are many men of genius and talents, whose daily bread is steep'd in tears. Let me here mention the name of Pennie, who has written a sublime poem, on a sacred subject. The name of the poem is the "Royal Minstrel."

I might here also mention a poor Somersetshire weaver, with a wife and three children, who has written many far from indifferent poems, and whose affecting music is heard in half the parish churches, and half the dissenting places of worship, in England. His name is Shoel, and I was enabled some years ago to get a large subscription for him. Your insinuation, Mr. Gilchrist, that my attentions are directed to the great and affluent, is as heartless as it is unjust. There are some persons who know us both, who would tell you, that the poor man's cottage, is to him, whom you call the wealthy rector, as welcome as the rich man's palace.

Your insinuation, and, indeed, direct charge, that because I think it a public duty to expose your falsehood and injustice, in criticism, I am so *sensitive a plant*, as to criticism in general, that nothing "can content me," is equally untrue; as is your assertion, that it was on account of criticism I once addressed a letter to the Editor of the Champion.

Mark, how a plain tale shall put you down. I have been a writer occasionally, upwards of thirty years. Whatever criticisms my writings may have encountered, and they have encountered severity as well as they have received praise, I never wrote one word in reply in my life, to criticisms, merely *as* criticisms.

The letter I wrote to the editor of the newspaper, was not on the account of the *criticism* you allude to. It was indifferent to me, whether I was represented as going to the fountain of Aganippe, or mistaking any other stream for it, as long as it was not the muddy pool at Stamford. As you, Mr. Gilchrist, have brought the story forward, when it had been so long forgotten, with the friendly feelings of showing my "*sensitiveness*" to criticism, I must set you right.

I wrote to the editor of the paper where the criticism appeared, because the newspaper which contained it, with ingenious refinement, lest I or my friends should be ignorant of the contempt in which I was held, was sent down by a frank, *directed to Mrs. Bowles!!!* I thought this mode of giving pain to those, whom it would hurt, far more than it did me, was unmanly and ungenerous. As you seem to know so much about a circumstance so trivial, I may

at last have found out the generous disposition who suggested this little piece of spite.

It was, on *this account*, thinking the writer might be the editor of the paper in which it appeared, I wrote to that editor, not on account of the criticism, though I took the opportunity, then, undoubtedly, to refer, having been treated with such disdain, to the editions of my poems.

The editor of the paper, of whom I then knew nothing, will tell you the same. I do not recollect whether my letter to him was intended to be published.

The other instance, in which I controverted mistake, was in the case of Mr. Campbell. I had been held up by so popular a writer, as having confined all my ideas of poetry to the description of *external* nature; if you will, to *out* of door nature. Mr. Campbell believed this on the authority of the Edinburgh Review, as Lord Byron, on the same authority,[1] quoted a line in a perverted sense. I never replied to the Edinburgh. I never replied to the Quarterly, where I have before been spoken of harshly.

It would *grieve* your heart were I to extract a sentence from Mr. Southey's letter, on the article so often spoken of.

In one instance, I confess, you have the greatest advantage over me, as the critic in the Quarterly has also; it is in turning against me, by your quotations, the strength of Lord Byron.

Your name is not in the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, but, perhaps, this, in the lucid language of your coadjutor, may be "The Triumph OF THE FUTURE!"

In the mean time I must succumb; for, with Lord Byron turned against me, I have no chance. How blithly do you and your brother ring the "changes and chimes" "on the MOUTH OF CANDOR, AND THE HEART OF GALL;" on him,

"who
Did for *hate* what Mallet did for hire!"

on the very wolves being directed to be silent, because,

"Bowles to Cynthia howls,
"Making night hideous; answer him, YE OWLS!"

Now, though I never attempted being at all "*too gentyl*," to "smack the Satiric thong," I am obliged to do what I can, in this way, and though "beginning late," I am sure I cannot possibly have a fairer subject. I therefore hereby promise, that, for every twenty-four lines, quoted by you or your friend, from Lord Byron, I will greet you with as many from my unpublished poem of the "Gilchrisiad." I cannot call my poem a "Rowland for an Oliver;" yet, you

[1] The reader will see the reason why the anecdote of Lord Byron was introduced. Some incidental remarks were made on the letter to Sir J. Mackintosh.

will accept it as a first offering of my muse, in this line, of "*in-door* nature! My "gentyl" verses, it seems, are little to your taste, and therefore, "Sicilides Musæ, paulo majora canamus!" we must "begin, and somewhat loudly strike the string!" Listen, then, Oh Gilchrist! and let the "owls" of Stamford, or the Quarterly Review, some of whom have unaccountably roosted there, "answer!"

What! shall the dark reviler cry, "oh shame,"
If *one* vile slanderer is held up by name!
Shall the rank, loathsome miscreant of the age,
Sit, like a night-mare, grinning on a page,
Turn round his murky orbs, that roll in spite,
And clench his fiendish claws, in grim delight;
And shall not an *indignant* flash of day
Scare the voracious vampire from his prey?

Ye dark inquisitors, a monk-like band,
Who, o'er some shrinking victim-author stand,
A solemn, secret, and vindictive brood,
Only terrific in your cowl and hood;
Yes! BYRON once more sternly shall arise,
Snatch from your grasp the panting sacrifice,
Dash in your face the code of bloody law,
And lash you with your own red scourges raw!

But chiefly THEE, whose MANLY, GENEROUS mind,
So *nobly-valiant*, against *woman-kind*,
Thinks that the man of satire, unreprov'd,
Might stab the heart of Her he fondly lov'd,
And thus, malignantly as mean, apply,
The ASSASSIN's vengeance, and the COWARD's lye;[1]

THEE, whose coarse fustian, strip'd with tinsel phrase,
Is ek'd with tawdry scraps, and tags of PLAYS;
Whose pye-bald character so aptly suit
The two extremes of BANTAM and of BRUTE;[2]
Compound grotesque of sullenness and show,
The *chattering magpie*, and the *croaking crow*;

Who, with sagacious nose, and leering eye,
Dost "*scent* the TAINT" of distant "*pruriency*,"

[1] See observations on Pope's detestable lines about Lady Mary.
[2] See criticism and letter in his own name, in the London Magazine.

Turn every object to *one loathsome* shape,
Hear but "a laugh," and cry, "a RAPE, a RAPE!"
Whose heart contends with thy Saturnian head,
A *root of hemlock*, and a *lump of lead;*
Swelling vain Folly's self-applauding horn,
Shall the indignant muse hold forth to scorn.

GILCHRIST, proceed, to other hearts impute,
The feelings that thy own foul spirit suit:
Round thy cold brain, let loathsome demons swarm,
Its native dulness into life to warm,
Then with a visage half-grimace, half-spite,
Run howling, "Pope, Pope, Pope,"—howling, bite.
Reckless, thy hideous rancor I defy,
All which thy brain can brood, thy rage apply,
And thus stand forth spite of thy venom'd foam,
To give thee BITE for BITE, or lash thee limping home.

The quotations given in the pamphlet which has called forth your particular spleen, were not introduced to gratify any feelings of vanity, but to "grieve the heart" of the "solitary slanderer," by showing, from unequivocal documents, how much wiser judges and better men differed from him. Virgil may be appealed to, when the "bug Pantilius" decries.

Mr. Campbell was no "slanderer," Sir. He misrepresented my sentiments as to poetry, *ignorantly;* but he wrote with the courtesy of a gentleman and a scholar. He will confess that he misunderstood my sentiments. Of his other opinions, I can only say, that be they what they may, he will admit that, in the *examples* produced by *him*, as far as the poetical criticism was concerned, he did me INJUSTICE, as I am sure he will acquit me of base motives.

You misconceived what I said of Mr. Campbell. If he were to enter into a critical examination of every thing I may have advanced in the Life of Pope, or in the notes to his writings, I should hail the information. I would not attempt to defend what justice should think *indefensible*. "I would retrace my steps;" with sorrow, that I had written one word that might be thought derogatory of the fair fame of a man of talents and virtues. I would evince my sincerity, by doing Pope "ample" if tardy justice. I would *examine*, as I profess I *have done*, but with new application and honorable ardor, the grounds of Johnson's and Warton's assertions, and if one single accusation shall be found not tenable, I would blot it out with much more readiness than I ever admitted it.

Nay, Sir, I would even discuss every point with you, had you

evinced a nobler disposition, and less prejudice and rancour than you have shown; even now if, omitting personal insults, gross exaggerations, undeserved aspersions, you would bring to the task as much acuteness as you please, but no bitterness, no turning, a step *beyond decorum*, into attempts to COMMIT A RAPE, I would meet you.

That a word has appeared, from which you might suppose I alluded with disrespect to your situation in life, I regret—*indictum id volo*—but allusions to the private life of a retired clergyman, in which he is held out almost as a crazy hypochondriac, is not criticism, but "railling." Your manner of speaking on the subject of personal allusions is manly; and, as you are not the writer of the article in the Quarterly, which many besides myself think, in two or three passages, to look like both "*railing* and *raving*," and *personally* insulting, I assure you, that the passage in the Pamphleteer, which will be thought objectionable, particularly if your first aggression is not considered, shall be left out when the copies of my defence are printed separately. And, if you could as readily be brought to admit that many reflections on me have been far from just, that some representations were not warranted, some language personally irritating, hardly reconcileable with the acknowledged courtesies of literary discussion or fair criticism, then the hope might not be in vain, that whatever I have advanced concerning Pope might be discussed without acrimony, of which, though I have replied to you, in a manner, I think, you deserve. I can confidently affirm I have none; you would find my acknowledgment of any fault committed, either to the living or the dead, would be as "AMPLE," and I should regret it was ever occasioned. And so, I bid you farewell for the present, till I speak of your *other answer!*

I shall take a glance at that when these sheets are printed. In the mean time, I turn to my original task of discussing the article in the Quarterly Review. Thus then we commence:

Dr. Warton had declared, or, according to the phraseology of this critic, Joseph Warton had the "MERIT of first declaring of Pope, that he did not think him at the head of his profession, and that his *species of poetry* was not the most excellent *one* of the art."

Nothing can be more clearly expressed. This is Warton's opinion, and this is mine; and this opinion I have supported in the Principles of Poetry; and this opinion I think I can easily defend (though I believe that so *defined* it will be generally admitted) against Doctor Johnson, Mr. Campbell, and this critic. But first, as to what Dr., or, (if the writer pleases,) "Samuel" Johnson, has to say against it:—

"Johnson, interrogating this critic," that is, Samuel Johnson interrogating Joseph Warton, inquired, "If Pope BE NOT A POET, where is POETRY to be found?" Reader, mark the logical consequence.

"To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer." "If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found?" Now, suppose Dr. Warton had said, "the song of the lark is not the most excellent; for, melodious as it is, it yields in variety, and compass, and richness, to the song of the nightingale!" would any one, of common sense, think it an answer, to be told, that "if the LARK be not a *singing bird*, where is a *singing bird* to be found," when its song was admitted to be only inferior to that of the nightingale?

Such is the Doctor's logic! just as decisive of the point at issue, and just as much to the purpose!

"Aye! but such a definer," adds the critic, "arose in the disciple of Warton, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who has distinguished himself in this IDLE controversy." Now, such a *definer* did not arise in W. L. B. He was not so absurd as to attempt "circumscribing" poetry, to ONE species, and to that ONE SPECIES ALONE! He never thought, and never implied he thought, that Pope was not a poet, or that any definition would exclude him from a most high order; but, when vague claims were made, as they now are, respecting his absolute supremacy in the art—not his line of art—the Rev. W. L. Bowles thought, and does think, with his master, *not* that Pope was not a poet, a poet the most finished and most excellent in his order, but that his order was not the highest in poetry.

I must here also observe, that I did not enter into this "idle controversy" voluntarily, but was forced into it, in the first place, by Mr. Campbell's totally misrepresenting my statements.

I proceed to consider the other authority which this critic advances, namely, that of Mr. Campbell, for whose opinions on any subject, none has greater respect than myself. The sentence in which the authority of his name is produced is this:

"Mr. Bowles opens his observations on the poetic character of Pope, with two regular propositions: that IMAGES drawn from what is SUBLIME or BEAUTIFUL in Nature are MORE poetical, (PER SE, in the original, that is, ABSTRACTEDLY) than images drawn from art, and that passions are more adapted to poetry than ARTIFICIAL manners."

This is my proposition, which I think unanswerable, and I am obliged to the writer for being so far fair, *in this one instance*, as not to leave out the latter part of the sentence. This is my position, and I think it unanswered and unanswerable.

For the sake of clearness, I shall restate the grounds of my opinions.

"All images drawn from what is BEAUTIFUL or SUBLIME in the WORKS of NATURE, are *more* beautiful and sublime than any images drawn from art,[1] and they are therefore, PER SE, (abstractedly) more poetical! In like manner, those PASSIONS of the human heart, which belong to NATURE in general, are 'per se' more adapted to the higher species of poetry than those derived from INCIDENTAL and transient manners!"

I have not Mr. Campbell's Specimens at hand, and as I am now answering the critic in the Quarterly Review who brings the passage against me, I must take the words before me.

"Mr. Campbell judges, that the *exquisite* description of artificial objects and manners is NOT LESS—(than what? not LESS POETICAL than exquisite descriptions of nature! No such thing;) —EXQUISITE DESCRIPTIONS of *artificial objects* are not less CHARACTERISTIC of GENIUS than the description of *simple physical appearances!!*"

In the first place, Campbell never knew I had spoken of "passions," as the most essential part of the higher order of poetry: he took his opinions at second-hand, from the Edinburgh Review. The critic here confines himself to the *first part* of my proposition. Instead of answering even this part, he says, the "exquisite description" of works of art is not less characteristic of genius than descriptions of *simple* PHYSICAL APPEARANCES! Doubtless! but one half, and that the most essential, of my proposition, is entirely omitted, and the other half mistaken. Why all this veering in the critic of the Quarterly? Why not take the plain words of the proposition, and answer "negatur?"

Without talking of "exquisite description" of arts, as "characteristic of genius," will any one deny, that "images, drawn from what is SUBLIME or BEAUTIFUL in the WORKS of NATURE, are MORE beautiful and sublime than any images drawn from art, and therefore, *per se, abstractedly,* MORE POETICAL?" Will this critic deny this? Then, why confound the proposition, by talking of "characteristics of genius?"

I used the words *per se, designedly,* to show that, let works of art be as sublime or beautiful as they might, images drawn from what is SUBLIME or BEAUTIFUL in NATURE, that is, from the great and beautiful works of the Almighty, are MORE so, and therefore more poetical.

What would be the most exquisite description of Mr. Campbell's ship, *abstractedly,* as a poetical object, in comparison

[1] This is an axiom, not a "theory."

with the description of the same ship, in conjunction with the elements of nature? This I have shown; nor have I said any thing as to the point whether the "*exquisite description*" of this object or of that, is "most characteristic of genius!" I spoke of the invariable principles of poetry. An "exquisite" painting on a snuff-box may be, for aught I have said to the contrary, as characteristic of genius, so far as *exquisite skill* goes, in that line; but the most exquisite skill in that line cannot make a painter so eminent in all that relates to the higher orders of his art, as the cartoons conceived by the genius, and EXECUTED by the hand of a Raphael!

I turn from Dr. Johnson and Mr. Campbell to my critic. I will show more fairness to him than he has shown to me, by transcribing, word for word, not "splitting sentences," the whole *luminous* passage in which he displays so *triumphantly* his consummate analytical powers of philosophy and criticism. Let us put on our spectacles.

"It is clear to us that a theory, which frequently admitting every "thing the votary of Pope could desire, to substantiate the high ge- "nius of his master, yet terminates in excluding the poet from 'the "highest order of poets,' must involve some *fallacy;* and this we "presume we have discovered in the absurd attempt to raise 'a *cri-* "*terion* of poetical talents.' Such an *artificial test* is repugnant to "the man of taste who can take enlarged views, and to the experi- "ence of the *true critic.* In the contrast of human tempers and "habits, in the changes of circumstances in society, and the conse- "quent mutations of tastes, the objects of poetry may be different "in different periods; pre-eminent genius obtains its purpose by its "adaptation to this eternal variety; and on this principle, if we "would justly appreciate the creative faculty, we cannot see why "Pope should not class, at least in file, with Dante, or Milton. It "is probable that Pope could not have produced an 'Inferno,' or "a 'Paradise Lost,' for his invention was elsewhere: but it is "equally probable that Dante and Milton, with their cast of mind, "could not have so exquisitely touched the refined gaiety of 'the "Rape of the Lock.'"

"It has frequently been attempted to raise up such arbitrary "standards and such narrowing theories of art; and these 'crite- "rions' and 'invariable principles' have usually been drawn from "the habitual practices and individual tastes of the framers; they "are a sort of concealed egotism, a stratagem of self-love. When "Mr. Bowles informs us that one of the *essential* qualities of a "poet 'is to have *an eye attentive to* and *familiar with,*' (for so "he strengthens his canons of criticism) 'every external appearance "of nature, every change of season, every variation of light and "shade, every rock, every tree, every leaf, every diversity of hue,

"&c.;' we all know who the poet is that Mr. Bowles so fondly de-
" scribes.[1] 'Here, Pope,' he adds, 'from infirmities and from phy-
" sical causes was particularly deficient.' In *artificial* life, 'he per-
" fectly succeeded;' how minute in his description when he describes
" what he is master of! for instance, the game of ombre in the
" Rape of the Lock.—If he had been gifted with the same powers
" of observing *outward nature*, I have no doubt he would have
" exhibited as much accuracy in describing the appropriate beauties
" of the forest where he lived, as he was able to describe in a man-
" ner so novel and with colors so vivid a game of cards.' It hap-
" pened, however, that Pope preferred *in-door* to *out-door* nature;
" but did this require inferior skill or less of the creative faculty than
" Mr. Bowles's *Nature?* In Pope's *artificial life* we discover a
" great deal of *nature;* and in Mr. Bowles's *nature*, or poetry, we
" find much that is *artificial*. On this absurd principle of definition
" and criterion, Mr. Wordsworth, who is often by genius so true a
" poet, is by his theory so mistaken a one. Darwin too ascertained
" that 'the invariable principle of poetry,' or, in his own words,
" 'the essence of poetry, was picture.' This was a convenient prin-
" ciple for one whose solitary talent lay in the minute pencillings
" of his descriptions; and the idea was instantly adopted as being
" so consonant to nature, and to Alderman Boydell, that our author-
" painters now asserted that if the excellence of a poem consisted
" in forming a picture, the more perfect poetry would be painting
" itself:—in consequence of this 'invariable principle of poetry,'
" Mr. Shee, in his brilliant 'Rhymes on Art' declared that 'the
" *narrative of an action* is not comparable to the '*action itself be-*
" *fore the eyes,*' and Barry ardently exclaimed, that 'painting is
" poetry realised!' To detract from what itself is excellent, by
" parallels with another species of excellence, or by trying it by
" some arbitrary criterion, will ever terminate, as here, in false cri-
" ticism and absurd depreciation."—*Quarterly Review.*

I beg the reader attentively to peruse this passage, which is so *luminous*, in comparison of my "mystic dreams," and which exhibits such powers of logical and accurate discrimination. I might say, as Chillingworth did, when he heard that Knox, the Jesuit, was engaged in controversy against him,

Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa videbo!

Having let my lucid annotator speak for himself, I proceed to set before the reader the whole of my positions, which he has garbled so dishonorably.

[1] I had in view only *descriptive* poets, and of these, particularly, Thomson and Cowper! so that there was no "concealed egotism" in the matter.

"I presume it will readily be granted that 'all images drawn "from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature, are "MORE BEAUTIFUL and SUBLIME than any images drawn from "art,' and that they are therefore, *per se*, MORE poetical. In like "manner, those *passions* of the human heart, which belong to *nature* "in *general*, are, *per se*, more adapted to the HIGHER SPECIES of "POETRY, than those which are derived from *incidental* and *tran-*"*sient* manners. A description of a forest is more *poetical* than a "description of a cultivated garden; and the PASSIONS which are "pourtrayed in the epistle of an Eloisa, render such a poem more "poetical, (whatever might be the difference of merit in point of "*execution*) *intrinsically more poetical* than a poem founded on the "*characters*, *incidents*, and *modes* of *artificial life*; for instance, the "Rape of the Lock. If this be admitted, the rule by which we "would estimate Pope's general poetical character would be ob-"vious. Let me not, however, be considered as thinking that the "*subject alone* constitutes poetical excellency: the *execution* is to "be taken into consideration at the same time; for, with Lord "Hervey, we might fall asleep over the 'Creation' of Blackmore, "but be alive to the touches of animated satire in Boileau. The "'subject' and the 'execution' (of that subject) therefore, are "equally to be considered; the one respecting the *poetry*, the other "the *art* and *powers* of the *poet*.[1] The *poetical subject*, and the art "and talents of the poet, should always be kept in mind; and I "imagine it is the want of observing this rule that so much has "been said, and so little understood, of the real ground of Pope's "character as a poet."

The *second* proposition, that is, "passions," &c. follow the first, which I have called "*consecutive*," because it *follows*, and does not go *before!* and I used the word "*illustration*," because I thought it best, (lest it should be misunderstood) to show the distinction to be kept in view between "subject and execution," by Blackmore's epic and Boileau's satire; and this I called the *illustration*. And now, let us turn our attention to the "illustration" which this writer throws on the subject! to whom "consecutive," "illustration," "subject," and "execution," are expressions "so mysterious."

And first, I would ask any one, who compares my general passage with that in the Quarterly, to say, *bona fide*, which he thinks the most obscure—the most like a "Muggletonian dream?" Any one, in half a moment, could perceive that, in speaking of the "execution" of a poem, I spoke figuratively, having taken the expressions "subject" and "execution" metaphorically, from the art of painting.

[1] It will be observed I have spoken of the skill and talents of the poet, but *only* as far as regards "execution."

I will not insult the reader's understanding by supposing he is ignorant of the meaning of the terms employed to define "execution." The words are familiar to every artist and almost every common reader. Need I say what is the *execution* of a poem?—The whole performance. The disposition is the distribution of the several parts. The contrast of light and shade, the effect produced by opposing one part to another, as the gloom and "*darkness visible*" of the infernal abyss is contrasted with the heavenly light, in Milton. Relief, light and shade, contrast, colors of expression, animation, &c. are all taken figuratively from one and 'the same art,' painting, and are common expressions of criticism. See Johnson, Pope, &c.

It is really almost an insult to the commonest understanding, to explain these phrases; nor would so ingenuous an opponent have dared to have talked such nonsense, if, with "duplicity," worthy his favorite poet, he had not cut off the connecting links of the proposition.

Any dictionary would tell him "execution" meant the "performance" of any thing; and we can scarcely believe our senses when, in a book like the Quarterly Review, we read "what Mr. Bowles says of the *execution* of a poem, is as dark to us as a problem of algebra."

"It is not his logic we quarrel with," &c.

It is left to the reader's judgment to determine, which of the passages quoted is the most like "problems in algebra." For myself, I have repeatedly applied my opticks to the endeavouring, if possible, to extract a little light from the "darkness visible" of the critic's definitions, which seems to me, "confusion worse confounded." It seems also doubtful, whether artful sophistry, and wilfully perplexed and perplexing chicanery, had not created this "confusion;" "now to sense, and now to nonsense leaning;" but I am almost persuaded that nothing but sheer, absolute muddiness of intellect could have caused it.

And now to apply to the *logic* before us:—

"It is CLEAR to us, that a *theory*, which frequently admitting "every other votary of Pope, could desire to *substantiate the high* "*genius* of his master, yet *terminates* in excluding the poet from "'the *highest order of poets*,' must involve *some fallacy!* which "commencement seems to imply, that if a poet is admitted to be "of a very high order, he must therefore necessarily be also of the "'HIGHEST ORDER!' But the logician's sagacity is not long before it begins to perceive the '*fallacy!*' and thus we presume we "have DISCOVERED in the absurd attempt to RAISE A CRI-"TERION OF POETICAL TALENTS."

As I have never said any thing about "criterion," farther than

concerned the "*execution*" of a poem, I presume, the critic is not a jot nearer discovering the fallacy, if fallacy there be, than he was before!

From the "fallacy," which the critic presumes he has discovered, he goes on rapidly. "Such an artificial test is repugnant "to the man of taste, who can take ENLARGED views, as to the ex- "perience of the TRUE CRITIC!"—*Quarterly Review.*

The "theory," of which this "TRUE CRITIC" has found the *fallacy* next becomes an "artificial test;" and now the "fallacy" and "artificial test" are thus summarily and satisfactorily proved, by those who have "such enlarged views!"

Reader,

Attentis auribus adsta!

"In the *contrast* of *human tempers* and *habits*, in the *changes of circumstances in society*, and the consequent MUTATION OF TASTES, the OBJECTS of poetry MAY BE DIFFERENT in *different periods!!*" Indeed!

I marvel then, what could have made Homer the ETERNAL FATHER OF POETRY, amidst all contrast of human tempers and habits, in all changes of society, in all mutations of taste. But we must not interrupt the now rapidly running stream of this frothy and shallow sophistry.

Contrast of "tempers and habits, changes of circumstances in society, mutation of tastes!" These, *not* passions, imaginations, affections, are the most sublime and beautiful objects of poetry, and these are all *changeable*, as changes of society, and mutation of "taste" operate! There are, at least, some objects of poetry, which are not *different in different* periods! What does the TRUE CRITIC think of the SUN and MOON? of the "MORNING STARS," that shouted together at the birth-day of the world, and glow in their watches, from that hour to this?

But tame objects as these are, and so often seen, and by so many generations, and magnificent as are all the mighty works of God, on the earth and in the heavens, these are nothing to the love of variety, which fills this in-door critic's exalted views! "Pre-eminent genius, we are told, attains its purpose by its adaptation to this eternal variety; (the eternal variety of *habits, tastes*, &c.) and now for "quod erat demonstrandum;" thus, my "fallacy" being overturned, the opposite principles being readily granted—that the objects of poetry are *mutable*, not *eternal*, as *mutable* as "*habits* and *fashions*," then we jump to the conclusion, which thus instantaneously follows! "On this "*principle*, if we would JUSTLY APPRECIATE the *creative fa-*

"*culty*, WE CANNOT see why Pope should not class, at least in file, "with Dante and Milton!"—*Quarterly Review.*

"We deem this matter well made out," said 'John the Saint,' to 'Mat,' in Prior's witty fable of 'Erle Robert's Mice!' and if our readers think it as well "*made out*" by such "*fallacies*" as these, such vague declamation, and such baseless arguments, a la bonne heure!

In the mean time, not to impede the career of this "true" critic's triumph, let us see what follows.

"It is PROBABLE Pope could not have produced an Inferno, or Paradise Lost." (Probably not:) "for his invention lay elsewhere:" (undoubtedly, and among subjects less poetical; but) it "is *equally probable* that MILTON and DANTE could not have "so exquisitely touched the refined gaiety of the Rape of the "Lock!" Probably not; but Dii boni, what a discovery! who would have surmised, that Milton and Dante, WITH THEIR CAST of MIND, could not so exquisitely have touched the refined gaiety of the "Rape of the Lock!" *Therefore*, is Pope of "the *same file* with Milton and Dante!"

Even for this last thought, the writer is indebted to one, whose criticism he holds so cheap; though I should never have thought of applying the observation as is here done, that because Milton could not write the Rape of the Lock, and Pope could not write Paradise Lost, *one* poet was in the same file with the *other!*

Merely to show that some great critics may borrow of those "whose principles" they affect to despise, I extract a note to Pope's Rape of the Lock, from the last edition.

"This poem is founded, however, upon local manners, and of all "poems of that kind, it is undoubtedly far the best; whether we "consider the exquisite tone of raillery, the musical sweet-"ness, &c. of the versification, the management of the story, "or the kind of fancy and airiness given to the whole: but "what entitles it to its high claim of peculiar poetic excellencies? "—The powers of imagination, and the felicity of invention, dis-"played in adopting, and most artfully conducting, a *machinery* "so fanciful, so appropriate, so novel, and so poetical. The "introduction of Discord, &c. as machinery in the Lutrin, is "not to be mentioned at the same time. Such a being as Discord "will suit a hundred subjects; but the elegant, the airy sylph,

> 'Loose to the wind, whose airy garments flew,
> Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
> Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
> Where light disports, in ever mingling dyes;'

"Such a being as this is suited alone to the identical and peculiar

" poem in which it is employed. I will now go a step farther in " appreciating the elegance and beauty of this poem; and I would " ask the question: Let any other poet,—Dryden, Waller, Cowley, " or Gray, *be assigned* this subject, and this *machinery:* could " they have produced a work *altogether so correct* and *beautiful,* " from the same given materials? Let us, however, still remem- " ber, that this poem is founded on *local manners,* and the em- " ployment of the sylphs is in *artificial life;* for this reason the " poem must have a secondary rank, when considered strictly and " truly with regard to its poetry. Whether Pope would have " excelled as much in loftier subjects, of a general nature, in the " high mood of Lycidas, the rich colorings of Comus, and the " magnificent descriptions and sublime images of Paradise Lost; " or in painting the characters and employments of aerial beings,

> 'That tread the ouse of the salt deep,
> Or run upon the sharp wind of the north,'

" is another question. He has not attempted it; I have no doubt " he would have failed; but to have produced a poem infinitely " the highest of its kind, and which no other poet could perhaps " altogether have done so well, is surely very high praise. The " *excellence is Pope's own, the inferiority is in the subject;* no one " understood better that excellent rule of Horace,

"'Sumite, materiem, &c."'—Bowles's Pope.

I give this extract for you to ponder on; in the mean time, I must ask, why do you say I have pronounced the "subjects" of Pope's poetry *not poetical!* Why, in the language of that entertaining book, the "Quarrels of Authors," "perplex controversy by a SUBTLE change of a word?" This art you have studied with the greatest success, as you have so well and so admirably illustrated it, (in another place of this identical criticism, which will be hereafter spoken of,) "by breaking up of a sentence," or contriving some ABSURDITY in the shape of inference, to get rid of it in a "MOCK TRIUMPH!!"[1]

Now if, in this illustration of the "subtle arts," by which "controversy is perplexed," you had not *left out, subtilely,* one small

[1] An example of *all these arts* is shown in this very criticism of the Quarterly Review, leaving out the word "so," which makes all the difference; "breaking up a sentence," as is literally done, and *shamefully,* in what is said of Mr. Bowles's want of being "explained himself," when the sentence which explains him is entirely left out; and this is done, by "contriving *some absurdity,* in the shape of an inference, to get rid of it by a *mock triumph!!*" Who that observes these *arts,* does not instantly exclaim, These *little* weapons, against the laws of war, are *insidiously* practised in THIS WAR OF WORDS!! QUARRELS OF AUTHORS, page 99.

word, consisting of two letters "(so)," my meaning would not have been "perplexed," nor would such disingenuous modes of meeting a question have assumed for a moment the appearance of a "mock triumph!" Have the goodness to insert the little word "so," which you thus *subtilely* left out, and you will not do injustice to me or the public; for my meaning will then be (to which I adhere, notwithstanding all such profound arguments as you have brought against it) that the "*subjects*" of satires are not "SO POETICAL" as those subjects which appeal to the imagination and passions.

And if this be admitted, it would follow, that a poem might be in its "execution" (a word which, together with "subject," though so "dark" to this logician, I have taken from POPE'S POSTSCRIPT to the Odyssey!) complete, as to *design, plan, contrast* of *light* and *shade, relief, animation,* &c. and yet not be so *poetical* as a GREATER "subject," treated with powers of "execution," in every respect equal to the "subject?"

Then, it would follow that the "Rape of the Lock," though, in point of its peculiar fancy and consummate "execution," it be the most perfect work of the kind in any language, might yet, in point of poetry, remain for ever inferior to such a poem as the Paradise Lost, as much as the beautiful "Belinda," surrounded by white-gloved beaux, on the bosom of the silver Thames, in the summer sunshine, and whilst the sails are fanned by the wings of sylphs, is a picture, though delightful and poetical, far *less poetical* than that, *when*

> "The planets in their stations list'ning stood,
> AS THE BRIGHT POMP ASCENDED JUBILANT."
> PARADISE LOST.

Now, hear me! You say, "*we presume,* we have found the '*fallacy*' of Mr. Bowles's *theory!*" Without *presuming* at all, I will point out the *fallacy* of your's in two minutes. It is in confining the invariable principles of poetry to the "*criterion*" of talents, and in supposing I ever conceived that "manners," &c. might not be poetical, when all I said was, that PASSIONS were MORE SO.

No *criterion* of talents, as talents, were spoken of or intended. I confined myself to the "Principles of POETRY," reckoning the more serious as the more sublime, pathetic, or beautiful; and therefore, the most accordant to the higher class of poetry. But, in this article, no discrimination is made, either from ignorance or confusion of ideas, between the province of epic poetry and that of tragedy or comedy, between poems or novels, I might almost say, between *verse* and *prose;* for, "if talents were to be made a criterion," they would apply as much, undoubtedly, to the description

of manners, as to the pourtraying of passions. Nay, to produce such a poem as Hudibras, or such a history as Don Quixote, would evince certainly as much talents as to produce the Fairy-Queen. But, in which would you look for the most essential poetry? Whom would you call the greatest poet?

But the very argument defeats itself. For, if "fluctuating *manners* and *habits*" are subjects as poetical as works of the imagination and passions, the representation of these *manners* and *habits* can never be perfectly understood, or the propriety of the representation felt, except during the period in which they prevail. As such *manners* and *habits* fluctuate, the representation of them, however interesting at the time, must lose the greatest part of its charm. Is this the case with Homer, or Sophocles, or Euripides, where the ἀκάματον πῦρ never expires? Is this the case with Theocritus, whose καλὰ τέμπεα, &c. are at this moment as beautiful and fresh as when they were first transcribed from living nature? These poets remain, and these will remain, whatever "habits" or "manners" may prevail at different periods, and whatever generations may rise or pass away on the face of the globe.

"By the consent of the critics, (says Dr. Johnson) the FIRST praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for any other compositions."

Now, the Doctor did not take into consideration the "execution," or performance, of the said epic; and therefore, according to his general consent, Blackmore must be a greater poet than Pope! But this I deny; and must refer the reader (and I would also refer the critic, if he could *understand* it) to what I before had written, concerning the subject and execution of a "poem." Whatever Dr. Johnson might have thought of the "universal *consent of the critics*," had he lived to see certain criticisms in the Review we speak of, he would have found some *radicals* in their profession, who cared not a *jot* for this "universal consent;" who confounded epic, tragic, tragi-comical, comic, elegiac, "IN-DOOR and out-of-door" nature, the province of morals, novels, and farces; and asserted that, to the writer of moral epistles and satires, the *first praise* of genius is due, quoad poetry, as much as to the writer of the epic, and that, therefore, Pope may be, notwithstanding his avowed preference of in-door nature, of the "SAME FILE" WITH MILTON AND DANTE!!![1]

[1] This definition, I think, (pace dixerim) is not quite accurate; for, in my opinion, it would have been more just to have said, "the highest praise of poetry is due to the *successful* writer of an epic poem."

Dr. Johnson speaks with accurate distinction, and with his usual sense and eloquence, when he says, "Paradise Lost is a poem, with respect to design,

" To laugh were want of decency and grace,
But to be grave exceeds all power of face !"

According to this " discovery," all the critics before this superlative one may as well hide their diminished heads, ancient and modern; but this indeed in your own clear and explicit phrase will " BE THE TRIUMPH OF THE FUTURE !" In the mean time, Homer will remain on his " throne of ADAMANT;" for it must be indeed the triumph of the future that would place on the same throne the most poetical writer of moral essays or satires the world ever produced.

The *principles of poetry*, in this sense, are INVARIABLE and ETERNAL.

If the higher principles of poetry be thus *eternal*, it follows that he who exerts his talents on the highest poetical subject; he who sustains a flight equal to that subject; who, in pursuing it, executes the high conception that " speaks with an everlasting voice;" he who thus conceives and executes a great and transcendental subject, will stand superior to him who may have displayed as much judgment and powers of *execution* on a gayer and more evanescent subject; and therefore Milton, and Dante, and Homer, and Shakspeare, must stand in the intrinsic excellence of their art, superior to Pope, though they could not have described as well the subject he has treated so exquisitely.

As the critic cannot see why Pope may not be classed in the same file with Milton and Dante, we can only wonder, whilst he was so animated with his subject, that he had not also put him in the same file with Homer and Sophocles, for he might with as much propriety have done one as the other.

And now, Sir, one more word about " principles of poetry." Do you think that there is any art which is not founded on " *some invariable principles?*" There are " invariable principles of painting, invariable principles of poetry, and let me whisper to you, in every honest mind, " invariable principles of criticism," *two* of which are, not to deal dishonestly and fraudulently with the arguments of the writer whose opinion you controvert; not to cut the sentences in halves, and think to " reply" to them

" By a fool-born jest."

There is another " *invariable principle*" of criticism, which ought

which may claim the FIRST place, and with respect to *performance*, the second, among the productions of the human mind. His ' subject' is the fate of worlds, and the revolutions of heaven and earth !

" The *subject* of this poem is *universally* and *perpetually* interesting;" and as " light and shade" is not understood by my critic, any more than " subject and execution," I may just mention some further expressions: " In a GREAT work there are vicissitudes of *luminous* and opaque parts."—LIFE OF MILTON.

to be constantly kept in mind. It is this, "not to write on a subject, till you know a little about it!"

As to my own "principles of poetry," suffer me to try once more to set you a little right. Darwin's principle of trying poetry universally by *painting*, is limited and confined indeed; for, by such a criterion, the highest part of poetry, which relates to the imagination and passions, must be excluded. But, with respect to the principles you combat, being limited and confined, nothing was ever so remote from the truth.

The eye of the poet may be truly said to glance from

"Earth to heaven,
From heaven to earth."

The ideal and visible world are his province. In the ideal, beings of imagination, connected with images of terror, power, glory, beauty; such as "ride the storm," or "play in the plighted clouds," wake at his bidding. In the visible world, objects and pictures, the most magnificent, or the most lovely in the works of God, are before him,—all passions, and affections, and emotions, and sympathies of the heart, are the great poet's peculiar objects. The principles, then, I have built on, when closely examined, will be found to be those of Longinus and Horace; which are derived primarily from ETERNAL NATURE. But works of art, which can only belong to the "visible diurnal sphere," are not excluded; these, however, become poetical, as they associate more or less with ideas of power, magnificence, beauty, all of which have their origin in NATURE. Thus "the aqueducts, temples, obelisks, of which Milton has made so fine a use, become more poetical, as combined with *moral associations* or picturesque effect.

To these succeed high moral satire, habits and manners, and characters of artificial life, which may be in the master's work, mixed and combined, almost ad infinitum.

But as poetry approaches this province, it necessarily assumes more the character of wit. And to show that this opinion will not be the "TRIUMPH OF THE FUTURE," as this writer affectedly calls it, I will quote only one passage from that critic, who was the great sublime he drew, and who was, at least, as *true* a *critic* as himself:—

"I have digressed thus far, for the sake of showing, as I observed before, that a *decrease* of the pathetic in *great* orators and *poets often ends* in the MORAL KIND OF WRITING. Thus the Odyssey, furnishing us with rules of morality, drawn from that course of life, which the SUITORS lead in THE PALACE OF ULYSSES, has in some degree *the air of a* COMEDY, where the various MANNERS of men are INGENIOUSLY and FAITHFULLY DESCRIBED."—*Longinus.*

The reader will see from the *sketch* I have drawn, that the works of art and manners of men are not—they were never thought of being—excluded from the province of poetry; but be they as poetical as they may, the greater passions are *more* so, and I only contend for this. As to my definition being limited, I would request to know whose definitions of poetry are most limited, those which are bound by the vastness of heaven, or those which are confined to *four* walls?

Now, I repeat, nothing was said by me about "a criterion of talents!"—It is probably as difficult to write a good comedy as a fine tragedy—to paint a Falstaff as a Lear. Pope found it more difficult to translate those parts of Homer which were *least poetical;* but it is not these that placed Homer on his eternal throne. It may require, for aught I know, as much talents to describe in the Odyssey the "habits and manners of the suitors," and their "in-door nature;" but where does the poetry (in the last books) lie? Every one will instantly exclaim, in the half-famished dog that recognises his old master, and dies, having seen him; in the affectionate wife, bending over the bow of her long-lost husband; in that husband, after so long an absence, a forlorn stranger in his own hall, essaying and bending it; in the cottage of Eumæus, &c. These are scenes, upon which the feelings rest.—By my "theory," as the critic calls it, which is only common sense, nothing is excluded. Pictures, passions, characters, manners, habits, morals, have all their places. But the characteristic difference as far as poetry is concerned, is pointed out.

As I have mentioned the Odyssey, and what Longinus has so justly said, I may here make some observations on this subject, as they connect themselves with what has been before laid down.

The Odyssey, indeed, as Pope truly says, is not to be compared with the Iliad. "The poems are totally different, but both are *master-pieces* in their kind." Nor is the Rape of the Lock to be compared with the Paradise Lost; but when uncertain claims are made, these works are to be taken into consideration, whether epic, tragic, dramatic, moral, or pathetic, which place the poet HIGHEST in his art.[1]

[1] We may here observe a remark of Pope on this passage, in his postscript to the Odyssey. Of Longinus he says, "that in his own *particular taste*, and with respect to the SUBLIME, he (Longinus) *preferred* the Iliad," &c.

But Pope adds this particular distinction, "that Horace gives the preference rather to the Odyssey, in the Epistle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry!"

It appears to me that Pope seemed to feel that the criticism of Longinus, on the sublime in poetry, and what he said of the inferiority of *manners* to

Associations of Nature may be varied, combined, mixed, almost to infinitude, yet the basis be the same, as to poetical principles, which are referred through all, to the source of what is sublime, beautiful, and pathetic; and thus, the eternal line of poetic excellence will NOT "be defined by some *arbitrary criterion*," nor will the inquiry terminate "in *false criticism and absurd depreciation*," but by unvarying principles of "JUST CRITICISM and FAIR APPRECIATION."

Having thus examined in return this critic's "Theory," let me be indulged in comparing what he calls "Mr. Bowles's

passions, touched his own character as a poet, who certainly was more distinguished for painting "manners than reaching the great sublime of his art; and therefore he covertly brings in Horace's opinion, which he thinks is in favor of a poem, considerable part of which is founded on manners.

But Horace, in what he said of the Odyssey, either in the Epistle to Lollius, or in the Art of Poetry, had not in view poetry, but morals only. In the Epistle to Lollius, who appears from the text to be a young man likely to be led away by his passions, he especially points out the example of *virtue* and *wisdom:* how Ulysses avoided the cup of Circe, and turned from the song of the Syrens!—Then he proceeds to *speak* of the intemperance of the *suitors*, &c. Morals and not poetry were the objects of this epistle, addressed to a young man, who thus might learn from his own early studies, not so much the lessons of taste, but what he more needed, regulation of conduct. In the Art of Poetry, when Horace speaks particularly of the unassuming introduction of the Odyssey, in opposition to the bombast style which he reproves, he fixes the imagination directly on the *poetical* parts of the Odyssey, arising from an humble beginning, like fire rising from smoke,—and expressly says of Homer, that from hence he draws—

"speciosa miracula,
Antiphaten, Scyllam, et cum Cyclope Charybdin."

And Horace has not left unrecorded his precise definition of poetry, when he says so distinctly,

"Neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, PUTES hunc esse Poëtam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des NOMINIS HUJUS HONOREM."

And he brings an example more particular still, that there might never be a misunderstanding of his meaning in appreciating the high rank of the Father of Poetry:

"Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique *graves* Camœnæ.
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas; spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ."

Now, would any one think, that because Horace gave the first place to Homer, he "*depreciates*," or sought to depreciate, the exquisite beauty of Sappho?

Nature," and what I may surely call *his*—IN-DOOR NATURE.

"Nature," he profoundly observes, "is a critical term which the Bowles's have been two thousand years EXPLAINING!"

Who and what the Bowles's are, I know as little as this philosopher, when he "sits down to square the circle," knows of Nature; but this I am sure, the family of the Bowles's are honored by the remark, in as much as they may be considered lovers of the great prototype of all that is sublime or beautiful in art.

If any "explanation" were necessary, the Bowles's need not be consulted, when even in criticism, the expressive language was at hand, from authority that will not be doubted:

> "First, follow NATURE, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, WHICH IS STILL the same.
> UNERRING NATURE, still divinely bright,
> One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
> Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
> At once the SOURCE, and END, and TEST, of ART!!"
>
> *Essay on Criticism.*

This general opinion, thus admirably and elegantly expressed, will be quite sufficient to justify me in what I have laid down, even if it should not be so clear as I wish to make it, to this critic; and if the BOWLES's have been for two thousand years ringing chimes and changes on the term "Nature," they may well imagine the "Gilchrists," and perhaps some few others, may indeed hope to succeed in their "*favorite studies* of squaring the *circle*" before they can comprehend it—certainly they must look beyond that "*Nature*" which is bounded by "four walls!" and which, blind to the magnificence of Nature all around them, they facetiously designate as "In-door" Nature, and think a poet, who preferred this Nature, to be in the same FILE with Homer, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Dante!

At all events, my meaning having been so grossly, and I believe wilfully, perverted, I would here address some explanatory observations to the reader. Any attempt to illustrate these principles, which I thought every one would instantly admit, must be foolish to a person who declares that subject, and execution, of a poem, are dark as mystic dreams—I therefore take this opportunity of making a few more general observations on this subject:—

Mr. Campbell made an unfortunate appeal to Milton, with respect to his having, in his sublimest parts of Paradise Lost, drawn images *from art*. I hope to be excused, if, in speaking on this point, I examine somewhat more closely Milton's examples in general.

There are some passages which, without considering the cause, strike almost every reader with a kind of instinctive and involun-

tary dislike.—Some of these passages will perhaps instantly occur. Who does not draw back with peculiar distaste, from those passages, where the Satanic army bring their great guns charged with the gunpowder! Why is this? Because an image from art is brought too close, and too immediately and distinctly to our view! The same may be said, when the Creator applies the "golden compasses" to mark the orb of the world! The image is taken from art, and brought too *distinctly* into our view! The same may be said, when Death and Sin build a "bridge" from Hell to this world!

These images from art are all too manifestly and too minutely in sight.—But this is not the case in general, where Milton introduces images from art. They are placed before us, if I may say so, by a *single* evanescent touch—you are not left to *dwell* on them—and most commonly some epithet is added to *generalise* them with higher imagery.

Thus, if the trumpet is mentioned, an indistinct grandeur is given to it by the epithet "the ARCHANGEL *trumpet*." The *wheels* of the *brazen chariot* are alive—"The madding wheels of brazen chariots raged."

If Satan lifts his shield, it is the "*rocky orb* of vast circumference." The "swords" are "fiery" the "shields" "two BRIGHT SUNS, THAT BLAZE opposite."

The adjunct, generally from some magnificent object in Nature, thrown in, subdues what has a too mechanical appearance, and this tends to exalt the image as well as to prevent the imagination dwelling too minutely on it.

I cannot expect to make myself understood by the critic; but I think the general reader will clearly perceive the justice of my remark. Gold—the most precious stones, are often added as epithets, where the naked image from art wants exalting—in other cases, a word is joined for the sake of taking off and shadowing, if I may say so, the too distinctive glare of an artificial image.

It is for want of attending to this nice propriety, (which in Milton, with the exception of some passages, appears instinctive,) that Cowley is generally so absurd in his imagery,—as when he makes Art and Nature coachman and postilion, &c.

If Cowley had used the image of the angel *unfurling* Satan's standard from the "*staff*," he would, probably, have so minutely described it as to have revolted us. Milton scarce touches the image; but how does he instantly exalt it, by associating it with the most striking and awful image from Nature;

> "a Cherub tall,
> Who, forthwith, from the *glittering* staff unfurl'd
> The *Imperial* ensign, which, full-high advanced,
> Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the *wind*."

The building of Pandæmonium is associated with ideas of super-earthly POWER. When it rises

> "LIKE AN EXHALATION, to the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies,"

every thing accords with the ideas of immense size and grandeur.

Is not this in some measure destroyed, when Milton speaks more minutely of pilasters, and Doric pillars, and architraves, and cornice, and frieze? And how repulsive is the image (it is to me) of Belial himself digging out the gold, pounding the ore, and scumming the dross; and the simile of the "sound-board," and *row* of pipes of the organ!

One image is peculiar, and very sublime, in the use of an image drawn from art, where Satan

> "above the rest,
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood, LIKE A TOW'R."

Here is an instant image of immoveable strength: but if the "tower" had been particularised, by one stroke introducing battlements, pinnacles, corbels, &c. the image would have lost so much grandeur; but the "stood, like a tower," at once conveys a distinct idea of stately and immoveable strength, by one word; and it may here be observed, having spoken of the "sounding-board" of an organ, that almost all *musical instruments*, as *sounding*, (not otherwise,) are poetical. Why? Because the sound instantly assimilates itself with some kindred feeling or passion—as the flute with tenderness, the viol with sprightliness, the trumpet with heroic animation. Scott, of Amwell, has made a fine and original use of the drum by the association of sadness and pity—

> "I *hate* that drum's discordant sound,
> Parading round, and round, and round."

The late Mrs. Sheridan has given to the sound "*of the violin*" a poetical feeling, which is as new as beautiful and affecting, where she speaks of her brother, bringing forth those tones *that live beyond the touch!*[1]

> "Ah! who, like him, can teach the liquid notes
> So soft, so sweet, so eloquently clear,
> TO LIVE BEYOND THE TOUCH, and gently float
> In dying modulations on the ear?"

I throw out these ideas, more as *hints* than critical examinations—"At some *still* time, when there may be no *chiding*," I may pursue the subject at large, and with reference to all arts; but it will be sufficient just to have touched on this subject here. But let us look a little farther abroad.

Take any work of art, how little, *abstractedly* considered as

a work of art, can you make it POETICAL, without adjuncts from Nature?

Take useful or decorative architecture, statuary, pictures, carvings, music, bridges, aqueducts, canals, &c.

Take an elegant mansion, or an old abbey:—It would be ridiculous to say which, as an object, is most poetical. Undoubtedly that which is rendered more interesting by various moral associations and picturesque beauty. Time, that leans on the reft battlements, brings with it a thousand associations of sublimity and melancholy. These are most poetically affecting! Even external adventitious circumstances of Nature make the picture more peculiarly and intensely interesting:

> "Scarce *a sickly straggling* flower
> Decks the rough castle's rifted tower."—WARTON.
>
> "He, who would see Melrose aright,
> Must see it by the pale moonlight."—SCOTT.

But, one of the finest pictures of modern poetry, where Nature makes the works of art so much more effectually poetical, is to be found in the Gladiator dying in the Coliseum, who remembers, as he dies, "the scenes of his infancy, the hut of his mother, on the banks of the Danube."

> "I see before me the gladiator lie:
> He leans upon his hand his manly brow;
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his droop'd head sinks gradually low:
> And from his side the last drops, ebbing slow
> From the sad gash, fall heavy, one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
> The arena swims around him.—He is gone
> Ere ceased the inhuman sound which hail'd the wretch who won.
>
> "He heard it, but he heeded not. His eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away:
> He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize;
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
> *There* were his young barbarians all at play,
> *There* was their Dacian mother. He, their sire,
> Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!
> All this rush'd with his blood. Shall he expire,
> And unaveng'd? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

In the "Faithful Shepherdess" of Beaumont and Fletcher are two similes, immediately succeeding each other, which I mention, because one is from a beautiful image in nature, the other from a common one of *human* art—

> "Holy virgin, I will dance
> Round about these woods as quick
> AS THE BREAKING LIGHT, and prick
> Down the lawns, and down the vales,
> Faster than the WIND-MILL SAILS!"

It is the "sails careering in the wind" that gives such *poetical* effect to the last image. How exquisite is a picture from the finest poem of the present age—

> "It was the hour
> Of vespers, but no vesper-bell was heard,
> *Nor other* SOUND, than of the *passing stream*,
> Or *stork*, who, *flapping with wide wing the air*,
> *Sought her broad nest* upon the SILENT *tower*."—SOUTHEY.

A clock, as a work of art abstractedly, is not very poetical; but its sound at night is poetical in the highest degree: more so when associated with the moral feelings of nature— the time past—the time perpetually going on—Why is this? Because we hear the sound—

> "As if an angel spoke."

A striking circumstance of this kind is to be found in Wilson's City of the Plague. The clock is *motionless!* There is no poetry in this circumstance, abstractedly; but how deeply, how affectingly, is it rendered poetry, when the circumstance that has caused it to cease is taken into consideration, and is felt to be the strongest proof of the death and silence of a multitudinous city almost devastated!

This point is so certain, so clear, that I feel almost lessened in self-estimation, that it should appear necessary to bring any proof of what ninety-nine men in a hundred, of common sense and taste, acknowledge and feel.

No exquisite description can make a water-mill as poetical as a water-fall; but when the pencil of nature works with it, how delightfully is it touched!

> "Not so, where, scornful of a check, it leaps
> The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,—
> And see, where it has hung the embroider'd banks
> With forms so various, that no powers of art,
> The pencil, or the pen, may trace the scene."

Even a lady working a pattern is made poetical, when

> "the well-depicted flow'r,
> Wrought patiently, into the snowy lawn
> Unfolds its bosom: buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
> And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
> Follow the nimble finger of a fair,
> A wreath that cannot fade," &c. &c.

The two greatest works of art that are introduced in ancient poetry are the *carved* cup in Theocritus, and the shield of Achilles in Homer. But how is the description of these works of art rendered more peculiarly poetical, by animating them,—by

making the objects represented in them *live*, and become as if a part of Nature! The dead carving is not remembered when we see the old fisher, with his swelling muscles, near the gray rock; not on the cup, but as in the very landscapes of Nature. It is the same in the shield: the *creation*, the sun, the moon, the concourse of citizens, the shepherds, &c. all are represented, not as in dead art, but as living and moving. And it is this necessity of losing as much as possible the idea of the work of art, and fixing the eye and thought on the works of Nature herself, which give the only interesting and most poetical charm.

It is a curious fact, that this position has been disputed, and only in those two literary journals in which we have been taught to look for the principles of critical investigation.

The first, the Edinburgh Review, now admits what it at first did not. At least, in the review of Campbell's Specimens, it is said, "They incline to my opinion!" I have no doubt, the more they think of, or the more Mr. Jeffrey thinks of it, the more he will be inclined to admit it. I have the same opinion of the most intelligent writers of the Quarterly Review, and indeed of every one, except that "unfortunate wight" who was permitted to "fret his hour upon the stage," to talk such strange nonsense about "In-door Nature!!"

Having thus written to those who know *more* than himself, I shall now point out, by way of apology for representations that may be to him as Muggletonian dreams, some images both from Art and Nature, which himself may estimate.

Cowley calls *Nature* a *postilion*, and *Art* a *coachman:*

> "Let the *postilion*, NATURE, mount, and let
> The *coachman*, ART, be set—"

Cowley, whose "language of the heart" we still love, notwithstanding these vagaries, seems very fond of images drawn from the in-door nature. So he says, speaking of the "blue sky," which would make an admirable waistcoat for an arch-angel:

> "He *cuts out* a *silk mantle* from the skies,
> Where the most *sprightly azure* pleas'd the eyes."

A rainbow also forms a most elegant scarf, adapted and *fitted*, from the same *pattern*, with the same scissars of art:—

> "Of a *new* rainbow, ere it fret and fade,
> The *choicest piece* CUT OUT, a scarf is made."

Horace says,

> "NATURAM expellas furca, tamen usque redibit,"

and even here, in spite of Cowley's bad taste, which I have no doubt the critic will approve, NATURE steps in, and comes with

the beautiful image, amidst all this wretched verbiage of "the rainbow, *ere it fret and fade!*"

To turn from the poet to the critic. I have no doubt some of the images from art here brought together, have been much more clear to you, and much more satisfactory, than the "dreams," of which our extracts from works of poetry were before filled.

Thus, *Art*, the postilion, and *Nature*, the coachman, and the angel in a new cloak of SKY-BLUE, must have been images probably congenial to your heart; and who can leave the subject without endeavouring to impress on your imagination, that perhaps the most sublime image of all the works of "in-door nature," is that "king of shreds and patches" who once, for a sight of "rural nature," went as far as BRENTFORD! and as this heroic personage is doubtless, of all images of "in-door," the most sublime, so the "bird" which attends him, though not so sublime, as "*ministrum fulminis alitem*," must be admitted, of all images of in-door Nature, to be the most *beautiful.*

This bird, that in poetical beauty "arches its head" more than Milton's swan, is vulgarly called a *goose;* and if the *terrible* be thought as necessary for this poetical assemblage, "Hell" yawns from beneath,

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo!

As I would have the critical admirer of the SUBLIME and BEAUTIFUL and TERRIBLE of "in-door" nature, to be like the Longinus of Pope,

"The great sublime he draws,"

I know not how I could better please him, than by comparing him with that emblem of "in-door" beauty attendant on its triumphant master, and generally described "as hot as heavy," the GOOSE!!

Begging the reader to pardon this involuntary association, I must proceed to expose, not criticism, but that which is worse than absurdity, the utter destitution of all feelings fair and honorable as a controversialist. I must expose a species of duplicity, which has no example in the character of him whom this writer defends, and whom, I fear, from the *soreness* which he evinces, when some obvious parts of his character are touched, he more nearly resembles.

Reader, in the "Invariable Principles of Poetry," this passage occurs:

"Now I would put to you a few plain questions; and I would beseech you not to ask whether I mean this or that, for I think you must now *understand what I do mean.* I would beseech you also not to write *beside* the *question,* but answer simply and plainly whether you think that the sylph of Pope, "trembling over the

froth of a coffee-cup," be an image as poetical as the delicate and quaint Ariel, who sings

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,"

or the elves of Shakspeare—

"Spirits of another sort,
That with the morning light make sport."

"Whether you think the description of a game of cards be as *poetical*, supposing the execution in the artists equal, as a description of a *walk* in a *forest?* Whether an age of refinement be as conducive to pictures of poetry, as a period less refined? Whether passions, affections, &c., of the human heart, be not a higher source of what is pathetic or sublime in poetry, than manners and habits, or manners that apply only to artificial life?

"If you agree with me, it is all I meant to say; if not, we differ, and always shall, on the principles of poetical *criticism.*"

I believe most sincerely that every reader, without exception, will understand my meaning in the passage, when taken together.

But the critic in the Quarterly Review takes the *first sentence*, no more—then makes a poor and affected banter, that "Mr. Bowles wants explaining, *himself;*" when, but for this his dishonest and dishonorable stratagem, no one would or could have doubted his meaning!

This is the perfect exemplification of what Mr. D'Israeli calls "breaking up a sentence," for the base purpose of securing a momentary "mock-triumph." Are such "*arts*" of criticism, well as they seem to be understood by Mr. D'Israeli, worthy a scholar—a gentleman? worthy a publication as distinguished as the Quarterly Review?

If this be criticism, how easy it is to be a critic! But we must add, how *unprincipled* must a critic be also! And well might this same writer say, "We suspect Mr. Bowles does not like criticism!"

Such criticism, connected with such mean stratagems and dishonest arts, he "DOES NOT LIKE," and trusts he never shall; when, to be a critic, in this sense, all feelings of honor must be sacrificed to a kind of vaporing professional jargon, and what argument cannot effect, personal insults may!

What this "TRUE CRITIC, of ENLARGED views," calls "FASHIONABLE CRITICISM," is, in general, equally abhorrent from the principles of every upright man; and, distinguished as are some of the masterly and eloquent articles in the Quarterly Review, as far as poetry and works of taste are concerned, the

writers have at least evinced their *sincerity* in one respect, that is, to have "NO PRINCIPLES" at all! either in poetry or criticism.

> "Others for plots and underplots may call,
> Here's the best system, have no plot at all."—CHURCHILL.

An "harmony" of the poetical criticisms in the Quarterly Review would, indeed, form the most amusing illustration, that it would be best to have "no principles" at all of poetical criticism, much less "invariable principles," for which such disdain is expressed.

I am at least sure, that, from the harmonious criticisms on poetry, in this Review, a most admirable comment might have been produced on Horace's *Humano capiti cervicem equinam.*

Most true, Mr. Bowles does not love criticism, and still less, such as this. But perhaps, as he has at last, in self-defence, set about trying his hand at a satire, it might not be too late, seeing how much he is pressed, and what opponents he has to deal with, to try his hand at criticism! He need not go far for an example in the art, to learn, at least, a first lesson.

From page 109 of this Review, he might learn how to "mistake," how to "omit," how to "pretend not to understand," how to deal in the language of insulting flippancy! From page 110, he might learn "sophistry and chicanery." From page 111, he might learn that peculiar charm of personal insult which consists, either in having tried to exhibit him as a knave or a fool, or in showing him to be merely "half-crazy!"

Having thus replied to what appears most essential in the Quarterly criticism, I would willingly part with my Reviewer, but a few words more may be added on his concluding observations respecting the poetical character of him whose life and writings have caused these animadversions.

It is said, "In vain would our *populace* of poets *estrange* themselves from Pope, because

> "He stoop'd to truth, and moralised his song."

Answer. Where he *stoop'd to truth*, and moralised his song! his province is no longer that of imagination and passion; it is, and it must be, "truth and morals," and not "imagination and passion," the highest sources of poetry—of the terrible, sublime, pathetic, and picturesque. But who, "*among the populace of poets*," would "estrange" themselves from Pope, I know not. He has attained an unquestioned, unrivalled place, in his own line of poetry, from which, I should pity any one who could wish or attempt to remove him. His excellence in his art is unrivalled, and I, for one, have admitted that he stands before every poet in his line of art, ancient or modern,—before Juvenal or Horace, as a satirist.

Is Horace no great poet? Is Juvenal no great poet? Are Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, no great poets? I have already said, and I must repeat again, his Eloisa stands as much above the elegies of Catullus, Tibullus, and Ovid, as his Satires are above those of Juvenal and Horace. Will the reader believe I have said this distinctly and unreservedly before?

If, in looking over what is remarked specifically of the Satires, I have dwelt too much on his bitter tone of personal invective, it was not for want of feeling his beauties, that I did not say more, but because I thought, on these points, any thing I could say would be superfluous, as it was excellence that all admitted. "Estranged" themselves! I have endeavoured to show upon what principles his line of poetry could not be pronounced the most excellent, whilst Homer, and Shakspeare, and Sophocles, and Euripides, live; and to prevent that confusion, which often arises when we pronounce that this poet, or that painter, is at the head of his art! The "*estrangement*" never has, and never will take place.

Not only among the "populace of poets," but among all who have any discriminating sense and taste; who, whilst they know what distinguishes Milton and Dante, know also what distinguishes Pope; who read him, and recur to him, as much as they do who think he is "disparaged;" who have admitted, and cheerfully admit, "that he carried his art, as far as poetry is an art, to the highest point of excellence," as far as his own excellence, in his own line, was concerned; that all who went before, in this line, never reached, and all who come after, probably never will reach, this excellence; that he will still remain unrivalled, for "the correctness and delicacy of his taste, as well as the vigor of his judgment," that in "poetical expression" and versification (with some abatements in the latter), he will be superior, as long as poetical expression and exquisite versification distinguish his species of excellence; but that, nevertheless, "nature," not manners,—passion and imagination, not "truth," or morals,—will afford the highest specimens of the works of a great poet, in spite of Quarterly Reviewers and all the family of Gilchrists!

I have now gone through all the most material points, which I had to urge, against charges advanced in the most popular literary journal in the kingdom. If I have spoken, in the first part of this vindication, with a degree of earnestness which might appear incompatible with the occasion, the candid reader will remember the gross injustice I had before received from the supposed author, and the impression under which the defence was written. The points of the vindication, I think and believe, will be found substantiated; and, as a general summing up of all that has been ad-

vanced, I here wish to leave on the reader's mind the following short statement of the leading circumstances:

Respecting his moral character. That *motives* of "hate," imputed to me, have not been proved, and *I disclaim* them.

That, be the motives what they may, the charge that I have "*been prompted* to surmise away EVERY AMIABLE CHARACTERISTIC of the poet," is FALSE; as is the particular charge of my "*aspersing*" Pope, *for* "*taking bribes to suppress satires!*"

That, the charges of "SORDID money-getting PASSION, the WORST OF TEMPERS, the most rankling envy," &c. are *exaggerations.*

Respecting Pope's *poetical character*—Whether I were right or wrong in my positions, as to external Nature, or moral associations, connected with physical appearances,—or imagination, or passions, as higher sources of poetry than ethics, habits, or manners,—that the poet who preferred "in-door" nature, or, in other words, "nature *within four walls,*" could not be, for that very reason, "on the same file with Milton and Dante," the region of whose imagination was not bounded by the magnificence or beauty of the visible world, and who, in the execution of far more transcendently sublime and terrible subjects (Milton at least), was equal in skill, design, colors of expression, &c. with him who so *successfully* employed all these points of execution in a department less intrinsically poetical.

That none of the arguments advanced in the Invariable Principles of Poetry, as laid down in a letter to Campbell, were answered, or attempted to be; but a mere "mock-triumph," to use Mr. D'Israeli's expressions, gained for a moment by the writer affecting to misunderstand arguments that were clear, or purposely and evasively *confusing* them; or, totally passing them over with flippant contumely, equally unmanly in the writer to resort to, as it was ill in union with the high character of the journal in which they appear.

These are the main points of my defence.

Upon these I confidently rest, hoping, however, if this appeal should be noticed by the Quarterly Review, that these plain positions will be plainly answered, before I am attempted to be borne down by sarcasms and affected irony, which prove nothing, and which I think, and hope, neither my character, nor any language used in this vindication, considering the manner in which I have been treated, deserve. And I have only to add, that I end all I had to say of the criticism in the Quarterly Review, with feelings, such as, I hope, would not prevent any future kindness and better understanding between the critic and myself.

SEQUEL,

Addressed to OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST, ESQ. F.A.S.

I WOULD here willingly have concluded every thing I had to say, but the reptile which first *defiled* the London Magazine, is HERE again!

"Ecce ITERUM CRISPINUS!"

I shall not go on with the other part of the quotation, nor will his ravings probably be noticed further by me. I therefore here bestow ten minutes' attention to his second "Answer to Bowles," merely to show, how *impotent* his malice is, *and how* easily I could put my foot, not in anger, but disdain, upon his head, as "*old Noll* HAS IT!!"

Having given a *lash*, as I felt compelled to do, to a rabid and slaver'd barker, I should have turned from him in disdain, but this liberal opponent has now pointed out the particular passage, which he ought to have done before, upon which he builds the "invention of attempt at Rape!" I have resolved therefore, again, reluctantly indeed, to meet him.

He is to thank himself, if I attributed the last daring charge to the words a "step beyond decorum," as he is cautious, in these things at least, of comparing his charges with the proof—and I must say, having weighed the two passages "presuming too far," and a "step beyond decorum," I thought the latter passage would appear the most direct of the two. He now produces the proof of this "invention" of mine.—The proof is, that I had said, "he might have *presumed* too far, and was repulsed.—Pope then *presumed* too far, and was repulsed, "Therefore, &c." he ATTEMPTED to COMMIT a Rape!!!

What an insult is this conclusion, *not* to me, but to common decency and common sense! This worse than "whimsey of the brain" could not have entered into the thoughts of one human being, I verily believe, save that of a Gilchrist! Well might he say, "more is meant than meets the EAR!" Among the various ways by which a man may be thought to have "*presumed too far*, and been repulsed," besides that *alone*, which suits Mr. Gilchrist to imagine, I shall select one instance from testimony to which he will not object, to show that something *short* of the "worse than whimsey," that has entered into his brain, may have entered the thoughts of others. The following passage is extracted from the Quarterly Review:

"In his letters to her Ladyship, the stages of his EROTIC FEVER may be noted by the statements of the patient himself: perhaps it was AT ITS HEIGHT when, speaking of the congeniality of their minds, the TORMENTED POET put his case to her hypothetically, "if she can *overlook* a wretched body." We *conjecture* that this was the precise moment when a "RUDE BURST OF LAUGHTER awoke him from the PARADISE OF FOOLS!" *Quart. Rev.*

Has Mr. Bowles written this—the prejudiced, the uncharitable Mr. Bowles—has he spoken of this "EROTIC FEVER," AT ITS HEIGHT, towards another man's wife? has he made Pope appear thus absolutely ridiculous, thus contemptible? No—It is the *friend*, who affects to accuse Mr. Bowles for "*aspersing*" Pope; and yet there is not the least thought of "a RAPE!"

Mr. Gilchrist's last pamphlet certainly requires some examination. Previously, however, to calling the attention of the reader to this wretched farrago of pretended arguments and other animadversions, which he has made on my vindication in the last Pamphleteer, I shall make a few general reflections.

If Spence's Pope be different from Bowles's, Spence's Pope is different from D'Israeli's! (see Quarrels of Authors). Spence's Pope, to be sure, is different from Bowles's Pope! It would be strange if it were not. Spence's Pope, was the partial exhibition of the poet, all placidity and smiles, in his own parlour, or upon his own lawn—surrounded by those who hung upon every word—who caught every syllable with anxious admiration; Pope, thus caressed and idolized, without one circumstance that could interfere to irritate his temper, or excite his resentment, must be very different from Pope mixed with the world, and viewed under all the circumstances of life. But what is an impartial historian, or one whose object is impartiality, to do? Can he take the picture from partial contemplation alone? Then he would be a fulsome panegyrist, not an honest and conscientious biographer.—Pope must be represented as he appeared; and under all circumstances, and in every

point of view. If the biographer was convinced by bringing the character as much as possible into a general view, that it exhibited shades which could not be hid, he would neither magnify nor seek to hide them, much less would he think that defects ought to be consecrated, because they belonged to an eminent poet. Pope had, doubtless, many amiable qualities, and some sufficiently *unamiable*. It was not amiable to be "*possessed* with an Erotic Fever" for *another man's* wife! It was not "amiable" in a sly manner to talk of congeniality of souls, if "a crazy body could be overlooked!" It was not amiable, by the confession of this "*Erotic* fever," to "presume" so far, that a "loud laugh" awoke him from the Paradise of Fools. It was *not amiable* to indulge his "vindictive malice against the woman he loved," *under any provocation*.

Having premised these things generally, I shall now speak more particularly of that reasoning, and those proofs, which Mr. Gilchrist has brought against the vindication in the Pamphleteer, and shall address them, by way of more direct reply, and under separate heads, to himself.

Taking bribes to suppress satires.—I have said, speaking of "taking bribes to suppress satires," that "IF TRUE," it was most atrocious, and it ought not *for a moment* to be admitted, without other testimony than that of the Walpoles!

Now, one writer concludes upon this, that "I have *aspersed* Pope for taking bribes to suppress satires! and the other, that, let me say what I will, my object was apparent—that I *wished* to believe it! that Mr. Gilchrist knows my heart better than I know it myself. He has not convinced me, nor I hope any one, but the most prejudiced of the family of the Gilchrists.—The first charge is *false*, that I aspersed Pope for taking bribes to suppress satires; and the other, I am content to leave to *less infallible* and more tolerant judges.

But "I *must* have *known*, the story *could not* be true;" and why revive it? To be cross-examined by a person of the spirit of Mr. Gilchrist, is not very agreeable, but I have no hesitation to tell him—

I did *not* know that it *could not* be true, nor do I know it *now*.

Mr. Gilchrist has said it was published many years after Pope was gathered to his fathers. (I speak from recollection.) I know it was published in the complete edition by Warburton, two years after Pope's death; but I refer Mr. Gilchrist to the account of that edition, by Warburton; see preface to it. Pope in his last moments superintended it; every piece was admitted, or rejected, under his own eyes; and therefore, to all intents and purposes, Pope, admitting the character of Atossa for insertion, published

it, and this fact rather confirms than opposes Walpole's assertion. Nevertheless, though it is a proof of Pope's ruling passion, even in death, I disbelieve he took a bribe to suppress, and shall disbelieve it till there is *other testimony* than Walpole's, still saying, "if true," it was MOST ATROCIOUS, as I said of Addison, that the translation of the first book of the Iliad, in clandestine opposition to Pope, "IF TRUE," was most dishonorable and unmanly. But is it therefore necessary I *must* believe it true? or that Mr. Gilchrist's *knowledge of my wishes* is to be taken as proof, in contradiction to my own knowledge, to the testimony of all who know me, to my positive and solemn contradiction of his uncharitable and presumptuous aspersions?

But "*why say any thing at all* about it? Why not *suppress* all mention of the story?" I will tell him what actuated me, as editor, and what would actuate me again; that, such a story being in print *already*, under the authority of a *respectable* name, ought to be spoken of in an edition of the poet's works, to show that credibility should not be attached to the story, when supported only by the word of a political opponent, and it ought to be repeated on this very account.[1]

Surmise away EVERY *amiable characteristic.*—If I had "surmised away EVERY AMIABLE CHARACTERISTIC," I must have surmised away the poet's filial affection and tenderness; his warm attachment to Gay, &c. his kindness to his domestics, his general benevolence. The test I proposed is plain. I have not surmised away *every amiable characteristic:* the passages adduced do not prove what they are brought to prove. They prove that I spoke as I thought of his *affectation, in some instances*, not of surmising away, or any thing like surmising away, "EVERY amiable CHARACTERISTIC;" and the falsehood remains, concerning which I spoke *earnestly* not *angrily*, and of which I speak earnestly now, as one falsely and unjustly accused.

You tell me, in language peculiarly your own, which shows how well adapted you are to reprove me for coarseness, "the *Devil equivocates sometimes, as well as a shop-keeper.*" I hope it will not be very indecorous to use your own well-weighed and polite expressions, and therefore I return them to you in this manner. —A SHOP-KEEPER *sometimes* EQUIVOCATES as *well as the Devil!* and though I have hitherto *acquitted you* of this part of the Devil's character, you here *equivocate* with your eyes open.

As to my equivocation, I will honestly tell you the reason why there is a *variation* in the "words of my Life and those in my defence in the *Pamphleteer.*" You may believe what I say, or not.

[1] My words are, "it ought not to be admitted FOR A MOMENT!"

He equivocates who does it by design, and knowingly, as you now have done, and as your friend Pope did, when "he said he had not lied, but *equivocated,* pretty genteelly!" But as I equally hate equivocation, whether by "the *Devil,* or a *shop-keeper,*" I tell you how the variation happened, in the account of Pope's Life and Vindication in the *Pamphleteer.* The passage happened to be inserted at Marlborough sessions;[1] and not having the book with me, and the Pamphleteer waiting for my copy, I trusted to memory, and thus, and *not by design,* left out part of the sentence; but as my opinion is not altered, I now correct it, and state that it contains my sentiments as you have quoted the passage.

"In *many instances* he appears to have felt a sort of libertine love, which his passions continually prompted him to declare, but which the consciousness of his infirmities, and we ought to add, his moral feelings, corrected and restrained."—*Life of Pope.*

And now for your equivocation.—We must be a little more particular on this point, because I said peremptorily, "that if what the critic had asserted was true—namely, that I had turned EVERY AMIABLE characteristic of the poet into the opposite qualities,—then his dutiful affection to his mother must turn out to be undutiful; his sincerity to his friends, insincere; his kindness to domestics, unkind; his benevolence, malevolence!!" I said this, as I well might, most earnestly.

Having placed one sentence before the reader, and shown how it must be read, if what was alleged against me were true, and shown that it could *not* be so read, I said, "there you stand exposed, and no frothy declamation can help you out!!!"

My sentence was; "that he was a dutiful and affectionate son, a kind master, a sincere friend, and generally a *benevolent* man, is UNDOUBTED!!"

And now, let us see plainly and positively, whether frothy declamation can or cannot help the deliberate calumniator out. But first I must observe, you alter entirely the proposition, by turning "EVERY *amiable characteristic*" into "dispositions contrary to the amiable ones he professed," and then you advance to demolish, *not my position,* but your own dishonest statement of it; and you take a sentence *dislocated,* from my preface to Pope's Letters, and quote as follows:

"Pope set down gravely and solemnly to show himself magnanimous, warm-hearted, sincere, candid, humane, &c. Like all professors, what he says he OFTEN says in direct opposition to what he feels;" and you take care to leave off here, omitting what follows, "at least," &c.!

[1] As you will not believe this, I may refer you to the Printer,—to the barrister's servant who took the MS. to London, and to Mr. Gifford himself.

Never mind—I take what is before me, and to whomsoever wrote the criticism in the Quarterly, repeat, there you STAND EXPOSED, and no frothy declamation can help you out!

"Pope set himself down gravely and solemnly to show himself magnanimous, warm-hearted, sincere, candid, humane, &c. Like all PROFESSORS, what he says he "*often* says in direct opposition to what he feels!" and therefore

(*Valet consequentia!*)

"He was an *undutiful* son, an *unkind* master, an *insincere* friend, and a *malevolent* man!!"

I said, Sir, no frothy declamation could help you out, and I am sure that which frothy declamation could not effect, such *logic* as *yours cannot*. You should have stayed at Oxford a little longer: my position remains entire, unhurt, untouched; and I say again, neither frothy declamation, nor quibbling logic, nor unblushing impudence, can help you out.

The same might be said of your other proof, but I think this is quite enough.—TRY AGAIN!

"Lauder was disclaimed by the booksellers; was he?" you pertly ask. I plainly answer, HE WAS. And it was because he stood exposed in malicious falsehood from which no shallow sophistry, or no empty logic, and no "unblushing effrontery," no equivocation, by the Devil, or shop-keeper, could HELP HIM out.

When I am thus *detected*, and stand exposed, may I be disclaimed, not only by every honorable editor, by every respectable bookseller, but by every *honest* man in the kingdom!

I do not retract one word of what I said, in the preface to Pope's Letters; but, as to suit a purpose, which it has so ineffectually served, you have drawn a false inference, I must quote the passage:

"They (Pope's Letters) want that charm, which no elegance of "language can atone for—Nature! Cowper, therefore, very pro- "perly designates him a *maker* of letters. He set down gravely, &c. "Like all professors, what he says he *often* says in direct oppo- "sition to what he feels; *at least* when he says, 'these trifles "disturb me not.—I write just what comes into my head! I "pour out my heart!'" (*Preface to Pope's Letters.*)

I abide by every thing I have said in the *Preface* to Pope's Letters, though I cannot say the same respecting many notes, particularly that which you have pointed out: but I have little fears for the poetical criticisms. I think also you will never prove, that the mind of Pope was not disingenuous; and his conduct often ungenerous. I do not believe you can successfully defend him, with respect to Addison, or Lady Mary, and the consummate art

with which he conducted the plot that led to the publication of his own letters; which, in my opinion, by comparison of the real and amended letters, is now put beyond a doubt. His out-cry against Mrs. Thomas, in her day of distress, for doing that which he wanted to have done, and afterwards did himself, was as hypocritical as his conduct to her was unforgiving. His grossness will live, as long as the beautiful but seductive Eloisa, and his vindictive animosity to Addison, by the damning fact, recorded, not by me, but by himself, in the Miscellanies, "*that he was sorry* THESE VERSES were admitted," which he afterwards transferred to his works, notwithstanding what he had said, there to remain for ever, a monument of his unappeased and unappeasable resentment. And I beg to be understood, that, though I did not, as editor, accuse him of the GROSSEST *licentiousness,* but a *mixture* of licentiousness, I now, without fear, accuse him of the GROSSEST.

And now let me say a word of the circumstances that led to this edition of Pope.

When I undertook the work, it was on the express conditions that I should speak as I thought. These conditions were accepted; I had never written any thing of the kind before, and as I have said, I undertook the work reluctantly, but nothing in the world should ever induce me to say what I did not think; and so, whether you believe me or not, I affirm I never purposely used any expressions to convey more than I did mean. I never heard any objections of the kind you mentioned before, and was as much *astonished,* as I believe every candid and fair-judging man will be, to find myself so judged. When you tell me, that the more earnest I am, the less I am able to convince my readers of the injustice that has been shown me, I do not believe you. I am well acquainted with many of those Noblemen, Clergy, and Gentlemen, who are in the habit of frequenting the apartments in Albemarle-street, and I have heard many upright and able judges declare, that the review was disgraceful; and that even, as far as I had gone, I had made out a clear case against its gross exaggerations and palpable untruths.

A person who can turn "*presuming too much,*" and "*being repulsed,*" into the daring accusation of attempting a Rape, is not to be convinced by any thing. I have not convinced Octavius Gilchrist, nor probably any of the family of Gilchrist; but I write to others.

After all, what a strangely constituted mind must that of Mr. Gilchrist be! What defect, and at the same time supernatural acuteness of vision, must he have! Sometimes he cannot see, according to the vulgar expression and HIS OWN vocabulary, an inch be-

yond "HIS NOSE;" and sometimes quite distinctly through "A BRICK WALL." He cannot perceive the least "*licentiousness*" in Pope's unsullied page, but revolts at the offensive and disgusting indecency in mine. Every thing becomes instantly metamorphosed, through the morbid vision of his "prurient" splenetic imagination; and this very circumstance shows his observations as far from common sense as truth; for "as powerful Fancy works," Pope, described by me, is either completely imbecile, or so terrific a Royster that he "attempts to commit a Rape on the person of a married woman," of high rank, in her own house, probably, and being sure of chastisement from an insulted and enraged husband!

Pray, Mr. Gilchrist, think a moment! I cannot, I will not suppose, that you wilfully and deliberately thus expose yourself, from a desire of injury to me; but, that you mistake these workings of your own imagination for serious truths.

Your very fierceness at least defeats your cunning. A tiger, or cat, generally looks, and measures distances, before it springs.

You have told me what you do "*not believe,*" and I will tell you what I do *not* believe.—I do not believe any impartial person could write a Life of Pope to please you. If he spoke of the connexion between Pope and Martha, you would cry out "pruriency;" if he said Pope might have presumed too far, and was repulsed, you would cry out, "a Rape." If he *twice* mentioned a story of Walpole, and said it ought not, being so base, to be admitted *for a moment,* you and your kindred critic would call it a "damning fact;" and if he proclaimed his "*utter* unbelief," upon such authority as it was given, you would tell him you knew better, and that he "wished it to be true!"

I might say I do not believe *you,* if you assert your *own* disbelief of the "damning fact." I think I have greater grounds for saying this than you have for asserting my *wishes* of its truth, notwithstanding my positive assertions; for I might believe no one could feel so *sore* upon its bare mention, unless they thought the "damning fact" had *some foundation!*

Part of Lady Mary's and Lord Hervey's libel printed in my edition.—I said I should *blush* to infer *motives,* from a professed satire; and my quoting part of the professed satire against Pope is thrown in my teeth! Other people will believe me when I say, that I admitted that part, not from any feelings of doing Pope's character an injury. The thought never entered into my head—I inserted some of the lines, merely because I thought they would gratify, not spleen, but *curiosity.* Was Dr. Johnson actuated by malice when he published Extracts from Dennis's criticism on Addison? Besides, Sir, the parallel does not hold in the least. It would have held "only" had I, as it has been done to me, *imputed motives* from

this LIBEL; had I vauntingly proclaimed "HIS HEART WAS HARD," because this libel called it so.

My dab of verses, &c.—I think at least my *dab* of verses as good as your *dabs* of criticism; if I may judge by the disgusting specimen of ribaldry that defiles the London Magazine!

The "dab," in the beginning of the second part of my Vindication, perhaps you may like better than the "gentyller" sort. You object to my *prose*, as well as *verse*. My *prose* certainly is not like yours, tagged and laced with a fantastic frippery of old plays, *variis pannis assuitur;* your "prose" has a *theatrical* or rather *punch-like pertness, sui generis;* and I may add that your *blows*, which you think so effective, are given with as much apparent heartiness, but are full as *wooden*, as those which that irritable and obstreperous gentleman so sonorously bestows on the Queen of Sheba![1] As for my "*unambitious prose*," it will answer the purpose of overthrowing the arguments of such writers as the Quarterly Reviewer, returning you, not in anger, but from justice, some of your *hardest knocks;* and this is all I care for.

One more observation will conclude what I have to say. You hint at my *trading* criticisms being *rejected!* You are mistaken.

What you allude to is this:—I, who am so indifferent to those of talents in obscurity, have never withdrawn my hand from serving, to the best of my power, all I could! Among these is a young woman of genius, of unblemished reputation, yet endeavouring, in vain, to procure some comfortable and independent provision for herself and mother, being the only daughter of a British officer. She has written some beautiful and affecting verses. I wished to procure an occasional corner in some Magazine that might perhaps bring her forward. I tried in vain. By way of serving her, not on account of wishing to *trade* in criticism, I took the pains of trying my hand, in commencing a review of a large work. If it should procure any payment, I meant it for her. But not one half was finished when I showed it to Mr Gifford. I had not leisure to proceed with it, and left it with the person whom I wished to serve; and this was the composition which Mr. Gifford repeated did as much honor to my head as heart. It never was *finished*, and that was the reason it was not published.

This is the plain tale of my critical "trade," which *your* friend will witness. I am sorry, not knowing this private friendship, I said what I did.

The most unpleasant circumstance in these disputes has been the misunderstanding with the editor of the London Magazine, which I fear it has occasioned; but as no one more respects his

[1] Lady M. W. Montague.

character and attainments, if he should not forgive me, I hope nothing that has passed will make him less friendly with you.

For myself, I most heartily forgive what I am willing to think an eager but imprudent zeal has caused, and though prepared to repel insolent aggression, I bear a disposition towards you, and all, as remote from rancour and vindictiveness, as from being actuated at any time by the base motives you have attributed to me; and, with these feelings, shall at all times be ready to offer you the right hand of "forgiveness," and add, in consideration of any personalities harshly fallen into, from provocation of undeserved treatment,

Hanc veniam petimus, damus;

and so I bid you FAREWELL!

I assume, and have assumed no "airs." I am conscious of that advantage which TRUTH ALONE gives me, and WOULD give, if your abilities were more formidable.

W. L. BOWLES.

Bremhill, Feb. 17, 1821.

P. S. Before I lay down my pen, I might just *hint* to the writer in the Quarterly Review, that in the *Critical* Review, for 1799, on certain "Romances," the identical words "SUBJECT" and EXECUTION" occur. Possibly, they may have appeared somewhat "*mystic*" ever since. Nor, if the author of the "Romances" be the writer in the Quarterly, was he at that time so ignorant of "external nature," if we may judge by the accuracy with which he has described the "*Erotic Fever* of TWO SWANS!" But this may be a "right pleasaunte" subject hereafter: *nunc manum de tabulâ.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

For Knox, the Jesuit, *read* Knott.—*For* Hughes, *read* Rowe.
Page 74, dele *among*, line 18; line 21, dele *who;* line 22, *for* who, *read* they.

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